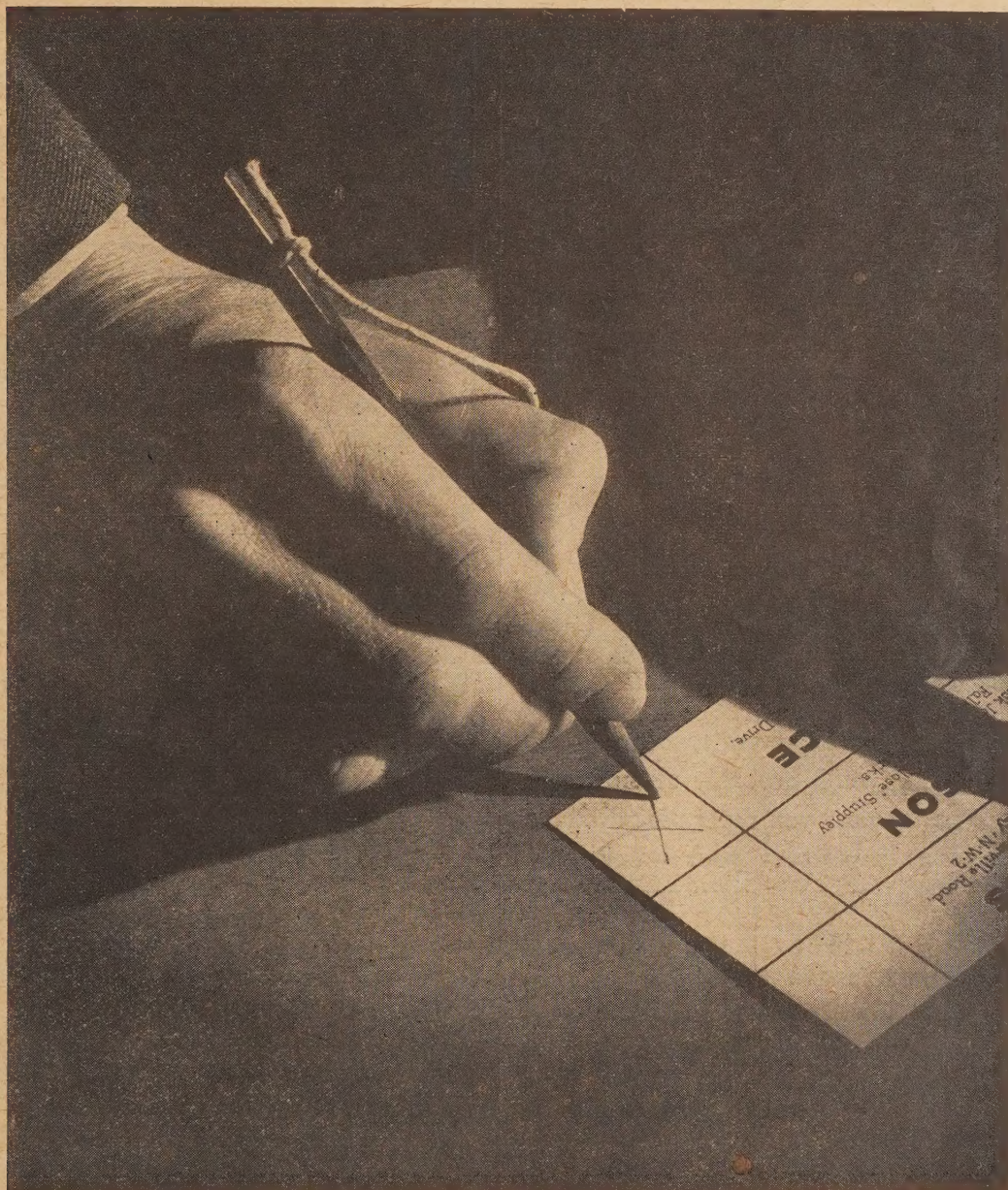


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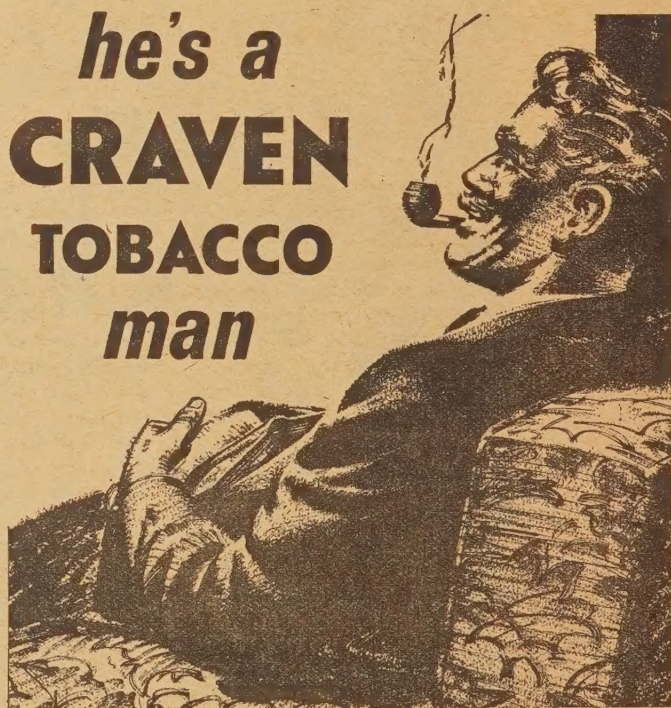
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# The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No 1182

Thursday October 25 1951

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## New Partners in Western Defence

By GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. Balkans Correspondent

THE invitation accepted by Greece and Turkey to join the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is still subject to ratification by the Parliaments of the member countries, but it may be assumed that this will soon be completed and that, for all practical purposes, the two countries are now full and equal partners in the western defence system. Both of them have been pressing for this move for some time, and both have welcomed it with great satisfaction. Obviously, the extension of the North Atlantic Alliance, beyond Italy into the eastern Mediterranean, raises many problems, military, economic, and political. The American, British, and French Chiefs of Staff have just visited Athens and Ankara to discuss with the Greek and Turkish High Commands the military roles which their two countries will play in the North Atlantic system.

Here are some background impressions of a visit to Greece and Turkey made after they had been invited to join the North Atlantic Pact. The development of air travel has made a striking difference to communications in this part of the world. This spring, following the improvement of relations between Greece and Yugoslavia, connections by air and rail were resumed between Belgrade and Athens. The air service operates twice a week, alternating with Greek and Yugoslav aircraft, and my aeroplane took about five hours for the journey, as compared with some thirty-six hours by the international train. We stopped at Skopje, capital of Yugoslav Macedonia, and at Salonika in northern Greece, where there is a connection by air once a week with Istanbul in

Turkey. Night had fallen when we reached Athens, and we flew in over an immense carpet of lights—myriads of them, twinkling and glittering in different colours. Beyond the shore line lay the dark sea, pricked with the lights of night fishing boats, which use powerful lamps to draw the fish to the surface. The display is specially brilliant through the long summer, when hundreds of open air *cafés* are busy, and people sit outside till late, drinking Turkish coffee and talking a great deal about politics.

Politics has dominated Athenian conversation more than ever in the past month. On September 9, Greece had a general election. It came after eighteen months of political instability and a series of short-lived coalition governments; and it was notable for the appearance of a new political party, called the Greek Rally, and led by the former commander-in-chief, Marshal Papagos. The Greek Rally headed the poll, but its majority was not large enough for Marshal Papagos to form a Government on his own. The election failed to solve the problem of political stability in Greece. And in some ways it has made matters even worse. Marshal Papagos has reaffirmed his pre-election refusal to join any coalition government, and he is calling for the dissolution of the new Parliament and the holding of fresh elections under a simple majority system. His chief rivals, General Plastiras and Mr. Venizelos, have been discussing the formation of a government between them, but it could have a majority of less than a dozen votes, a very small margin, even though some Greeks argue that the British Labour Government stayed in office on much the same



terms. There are considerable differences, however, in the case of a Greek coalition government. General Plastiras and Mr. Venizelos have already been partners in a coalition, before this last election, and they broke away after a short period. To complicate matters further, a few election results are still outstanding, and the Greek Parliament has been adjourned until they are complete. Mr. Venizelos, who was Prime Minister when the election took place, remains in office at the head of an interim government. He has announced that United States representatives in Athens have expressed friendly hopes for an early solution of the political problem. The present situation is one of confusion, made worse by an atmosphere of bitterness and suspicion, which it seems can end only in a Plastiras-Venizelos coalition or in fresh elections under a majority system.

### Fighting Capacity of the Greek Forces

The three western Chiefs of Staff were concerned, of course, with military, not political problems, and, while in Athens, they commented on the efficiency with which the Greek General Staff had prepared for the staff talks on Greek admission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. They expressed their complete confidence in the fighting capacity of the Greek forces, and they did so, significantly, at a moment when an Athens paper had just suggested that the Greek Government was allowing politics to interfere in the Greek Army. The chief Greek military representative, General Gregoropoulos, told correspondents that he had emphasised the need for Greece to receive further western aid, in order to play her part. One query raised at the press conference—and it is a point of special concern to Greece—was whether North Atlantic Treaty obligations included aid to Greece by the member countries if the Greek communists and their backers launched a fresh attack across the Greek frontier. Since their defeat in the summer of 1949, when Marshal Papagos was Greek Commander-in-Chief, the communist guerrillas have taken refuge in Bulgaria, Albania, and other Soviet puppet states. The United Nations Balkans Committee is still operating in Greece, and if fresh violations of Greek territory did occur, it would be their task to report them to the Security Council, as they have done before. General Bradley, replying at the press conference on this question, pointed to the North Atlantic Treaty clause, which makes an attack on the national territory of any one member an attack on them all. But he added that this did not apply to internal security questions. The distinction in the case of Greece has been argued before and it is not easily drawn.

Like Greece, Turkey is bent on strengthening her defences against a possible assault, and Turkey's long frontiers with the Soviet Union and with Bulgaria—a Soviet satellite—bring the danger to her front door. But although the air journey from Athens to Istanbul takes only two hours, it produces a change of atmosphere. Turkey and Greece are alike in their uncompromising stand against aggression; they are alike in offering to a western traveller the warmest and most friendly welcome. Their circumstances, however, are by no means the same. Greece is a naturally poor country; war and enemy occupation, followed by the ruthless communist attempt to seize power, have inflicted terrible losses on Greece, both in flesh and blood and in material destruction.

Here, in acute form, is the problem, familiar elsewhere, of carrying out rearmament without imposing too crushing a burden on standards of living. Turkey faces the same dilemma, and has for years been spending a very high proportion of her budget on national defence. She has the advantage, however, of not having been engaged in war since the Asia Minor campaign against the Greeks in 1921 and 1922. Moreover Turkey is a country of rich, natural resources, with large possibilities for development, and her agriculture, in particular, is flourishing. In the past few years, thousands of new tractors have gone to work in the Turkish countryside. American economic aid has enabled farmers to buy them on an instalment system. Well-equipped workshops for repairing and maintaining tractors have been set up in provincial centres. This has been an exceptionally good season; the Turkish authorities have estimated that Turkey will be able to export at least 100,000 tons of wheat this year and also large quantities of other grain.

Cotton has now replaced tobacco as the most important Turkish crop; this year's production of an estimated 800,000 bales, the largest so far, will leave a large export surplus. Last year exports of cotton accounted in value for one-quarter of total Turkish exports—and this year the proportion may easily rise to one-third. The rapid growth of cotton production has been chiefly due to the use of mechanisation in the past few years, which has greatly reduced production costs, while at

the same time the increase in world prices has offered the farmer a handsome profit. I visited the chief cotton-growing area round Adala, in southern Turkey, where many fortunes have been made since the war. Conditions, in fact, are not unlike those in a boom town during a gold rush. The big banks have opened branches in Adala; and there is keen competition between them to persuade the farmers to open an account, instead of keeping their money in a hole in the ground. Turkish banks even run lotteries for their customers, with very large cash prizes.

Tractors and trailers jam the narrow streets of Adala, rapidly replacing the horses, oxen, and water buffaloes. In the surrounding country, it is no uncommon sight to see a brand-new American car parked outside a primitive farmhouse of baked mud. Many big farmers, however, have built themselves houses in Adala, and leave the management of their estates to a head man.

I asked the director of the Government's cotton experimental station whether there was not a risk of over-production in cotton, and a slump. But he thought not. He pointed out that prices have fallen steeply since last year, and also that cotton was usually cultivated in rotation with other crops, which can always be substituted. He thought that Turkish cotton production would probably level off at about 1,000,000 bales a year. The attention given to agriculture in Turkey does not mean that industrial development is being neglected. The biggest single project to be financed in Turkey with American aid is a Turkish scheme for building an electric power grid which will deliver vastly increased supplies of electricity to Istanbul and Ankara, the old and the new capitals, and will encourage industrial expansion on a large scale. Work has begun on this scheme and is expected to finish in three years' time. The grid will be fed from two sources, one being a new hydro-electric plant on the river Sakaria, Anatolia, with the biggest dam in Turkey, while the other is a plant near Songuldak on the Black Sea, running on coal from the Songuldak mines. A British engineering firm is now installing two coal-washing plants so that power can be generated economically from the coal rejects. High tension lines are being put up at long distances to carry the power, and new lines are being laid under the Bosphorus. The grid will provide an even distribution of peak loads, and by using both water power and fuel it guards against either a drought or a coal shortage.

### Political Stability in Turkey

In addition to her economic advantages Turkey also enjoys political stability; the Democratic Party Government which took office after last year's elections has an overwhelming majority over a weak opposition. All these factors, both economic and political, doubtless contribute to the atmosphere of calmness and self-confidence which one finds in Turkey. The Turkish character is phlegmatic, and the Turks look with steady nerves at the Soviet Union, across their borders. There is a long history of warfare between Turkey and Russia, and for the ordinary Turk the present issue is not so much an ideological struggle against communism as the continuance of a familiar national conflict. Communism in Turkey has never built up the powerful position which it enjoys, for example, in France and Italy. The Communist Party is illegal, and whatever its strength underground, the outward effects are very small. The Turkish army is the largest in the Middle East. By including Turkey in the proposal, rejected by Egypt, for an Allied Middle East Command with Britain, the United States, France, and Egypt, the Western Powers have shown their appreciation of Turkey's vital role in this area. In Turkey, as in Greece, a visitor finds people convinced that their security has been reinforced by admission to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. And in both countries, assurances have been given that their new responsibilities will be fully and faithfully discharged.—*General Overseas Service*

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## The Process of Evolution—II

## How Natural Selection Works

By JULIAN HUXLEY

**I**N my first lecture I tried to give some idea of the variety manifested by life during its evolution. Now I must dig down in an attempt to discover its unity. There are two key concepts or principles at our disposal. One, as we have known ever since the time of Darwin, is natural selection; the other, as we are now beginning to realise, is biological improvement. Natural selection is the guiding

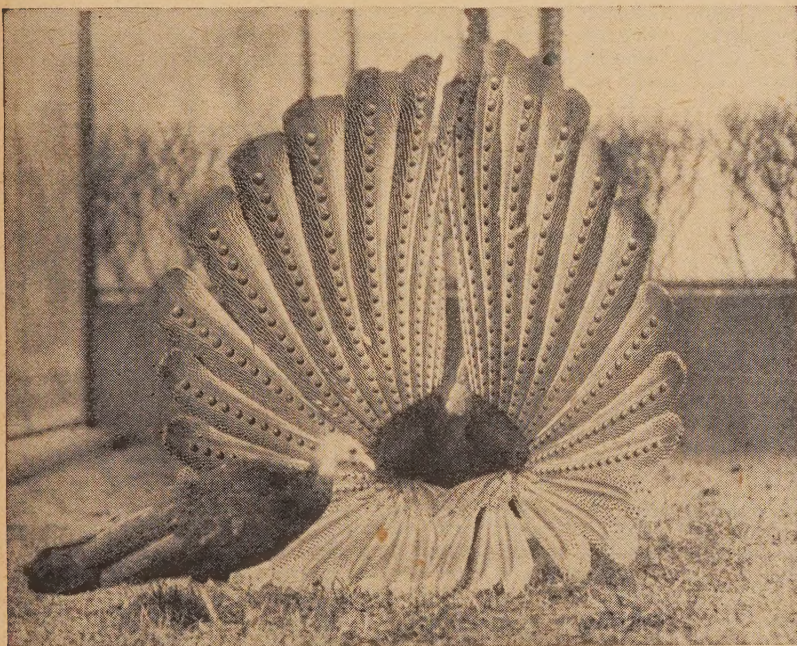
both highly metaphorical terms. 'The struggle for existence' merely signifies that a portion of each generation is bound to die before it can reproduce itself; while 'natural selection' is a convenient shorthand phrase for the differential survival and reproduction of variants, and its effects in each generation. For instance, if two variants are present in equal numbers in a population, and one has a selective advantage of

four per cent. over the other, the proportion of the two in the next generation will be shifted by natural selection from fifty-fifty to about fifty-one to forty-nine. Actually, this would be quite a high degree of selective advantage, and in point of fact one much smaller, down to one half of one per cent or even lower, though you could never detect it in nature, would be effective in gradually transforming a species.

So far, we have been considering what happens between single generations of single species. It remains to extend the argument both in time and in space, to cover the long succession of generations in the process of life as a whole. Darwin essayed this, too: in Chapter 4 of the *Origin* he wrote that 'the ultimate result [of natural selection] is that each creature tends to become more and more improved in relation to its conditions. This improvement inevitably leads to the gradual advancement of the organisation of the greater number of living beings'. But he never pursued this part of his argument to its logical conclusion. However, he did realise that natural selection must in the long run result in something that deserves to be called *improvement*, and in so doing provided us with a key concept in this larger sphere.

The discovery of the principle of natural selection made evolution comprehensible; together with the discoveries of modern genetics, it has rendered all other explanations of evolution untenable. So far as we now know, not only is natural selection inevitable, not only is it an effective agency of evolution, but it is the only effective agency of evolution. With the knowledge that has been amassed since Darwin's time, it is no longer possible to believe that evolution is brought about

through the so-called inheritance of acquired characters—the direct effects of use or disuse of organs, or of changes in the environment; or by the conscious or unconscious will of organisms; or through the operation of some mysterious vital force; or by any other inherent tendency. What this means, in the technical terms of biology, is that all the theories lumped together under the heads of orthogenesis and Lamarckism are invalidated, including Lysenko's Michurinism, which is now the officially approved theory of genetics and evolution in the U.S.S.R. They are *out*: they are no longer consistent with the facts. Indeed, in the light of modern discoveries, they no longer deserve to



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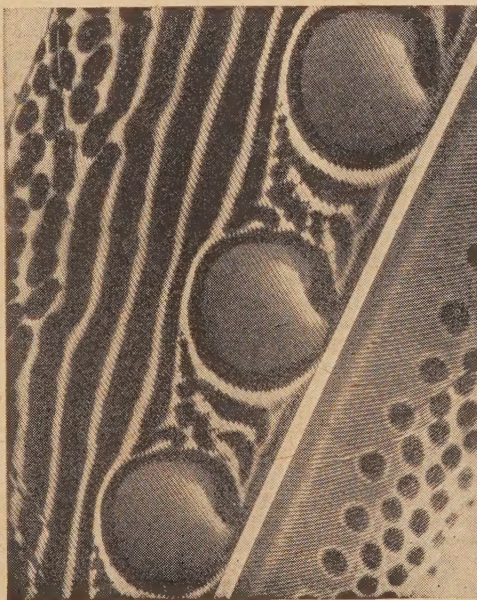
Display of the male Argus pheasant: 'an apparent improbability by selection'. Below, an enlargement of the ocelli on one of the wing feathers

force, and biological improvement the resultant trend.

The two principles can be stated in the form of two general evolutionary equations. The first is that reproduction plus mutation produces natural selection; and the second that natural selection plus time produces biological improvement. Both result from a single property of all living matter—its property of copying itself, but with occasional inaccuracies.

The process of self-copying results in reproduction; reproduction results in more offspring being produced than can survive to reproduce again; and this in turn results in what Darwin called the struggle for existence. Mutation is the result of occasional inaccuracies in the various parts of the hereditary constitution, down to the ultimate units we call *genes*—failures to maintain some detail of their complicated physical and chemical structure; and these inaccuracies are then faithfully reproduced by the self-copying process, so that the original mutation becomes a strain of mutant genes. If self-copying serves as the basis of continuity and specificity in life, and reproduction generates its expansive force, mutation is the source of all its heritable variation. Variations inevitably differ in the degree of biological advantage they confer—in other words, their survival value; and so the struggle for existence results in their differential survival—in other words, natural selection. Advantageous or favourable variations will be gradually bred into the stock, the disadvantageous or unfavourable ones gradually bred out.

Of course, the struggle for existence and natural selection are



W. Suschitzky



be called scientific theories, but can be seen as speculations without due basis of reality, or old superstitions disguised in modern dress. They were natural enough in their time, when we were still ignorant of the mechanism of heredity; but they have now only a historical interest.

I am afraid this all sounds rather dry and abstract. But, actually, the idea of natural selection, once it has been properly grasped with all its implications, is extremely illuminating, enabling one to see the phenomena of life in a new and exciting way. Most basically, natural selection converts accident into apparent design, randomness into organised pattern. Mutation merely provides the raw material of evolution; it is a random affair, and takes place in all directions. Genes are giant molecules, and their mutations are the result of slight alterations in their structure. Some of these alterations are truly chance rearrangements, as uncaused or at least as unpredictable as the jumping of an electron from one orbit to another inside an atom; others are the result of the impact of some external agency, like X-rays, or ultra-violet radiations, or mustard gas. But in all cases they are random in relation to evolution. Their effects are not related to the needs of the organism, or to the conditions in which it is placed. They occur without reference to their possible consequences or biological uses. To put the matter in a nutshell: the capacity of living substance for reproduction is the expansive driving force of evolution; mutation provides its raw material; but natural selection determines its direction.

### Harmful Mutations Weeded Out by Selection

One would expect that any interference with such a complicated piece of chemical machinery as the genetic constitution would result in damage. And in fact this is so: the great majority of mutant genes are harmful in their effects on the organism. A few have favourable effects, or effects that can become favourable in combination with other genes. Selection automatically incorporates this tiny minority of favourable variations into the hereditary constitution, by sifting them from the mass of unusable dross. Of course, selection also actively weeds out the unfavourable variations—the most harmful ones immediately, the less harmful after a greater or lesser number of generations. Mutations repeat themselves with a certain frequency. So, if this weeding-out process did not occur, a harmful mutation, like hemophilia (or bleeding) in man, would gradually get more and more abundant. Thus selection is necessary merely to maintain the biological efficiency of animal and plant species. In the absence of this maintenance selection, as we may call it, harmful mutations are not weeded out; they accumulate, and degeneration sets in. This is what has happened in various species of cave fish, for example: in caves there was no selection for efficiency of vision, and their eyes have degenerated, sometimes to total disappearance. Selection thus acts in three main ways. It determines the direction of new positive evolutionary change or improvement; it maintains the level of existing improvement; and its absence leads to 'disimprovement' or degeneration.

We can sometimes actually see selection in action. Let me give a few examples. Everyone knows that some diseases can be successfully treated with drugs that kill the bacteria causing them. But sometimes treatment of this sort, instead of killing the bacteria, produces a resistant strain. The American biologist Demerec grew the bacterium called *Escherichia coli* in cultures containing the bactericidal drug streptomycin. It soon became totally resistant to any reasonable dose. This, he found, was not due to all the bacteria becoming gradually more and more resistant, but to the presence in every large culture (which may run to tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of individuals) of a few mutants which have already mutated, quite irrelevantly and accidentally, in such a way as to be able to resist the action of streptomycin. The important point is that the mutants were there already: the mutations which gave rise to them took place long before the streptomycin treatment was started. But once it was started, they alone could survive and multiply: all the rest, other mutants as well as normals, died off.

Next, an experimental demonstration. The insects called water-boatmen vary in colour and shade. When samples of these were put in vessels with different shades of background, each with an insect-eating fish in it, the ones which were conspicuous by differing from the background were eaten in greater numbers. The greater the conspicuousness, and the smaller the total number of water-boatmen, the greater was the selective disadvantage—in some cases up to five of the more conspicuous were eaten for every one of the inconspicuous.

Next, a diagrammatically simple case. In poultry, there is a mutation called frizzled. This acts so as to set the feathers up on end and allow

the body-heat to escape, so that frizzled fowls cannot be kept alive in Britain through the year, except in heated rooms. But in the tropics they can exist perfectly well, and in some places, strains with frizzled feathers do better than breeds with normal ones. The frizzled mutant is thus at a high selective disadvantage in cold climates, at a slight selective advantage in hot ones.

Then there is the remarkable case of what is called industrial melanism—the fact that during the past hundred years many different species of moths have become virtually black in industrial towns, while remaining light and protectively coloured in the countryside. The melanic, or dark forms, are much harder than the normals, but these—the light ones—are better concealed from their enemies in the unblackened countryside. So they have a selective advantage there, while the melanics are better able to resist the smoke and contamination of the industrial areas. Here, again, the new conditions had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the mutation which results in melanism. There were always a few rare melanics—much valued, incidentally, by collectors—and the new conditions merely provided them with their opportunity.

Finally, we have the curious fact that the harmful effects of mutant genes can automatically be modified back towards normality. For instance, the so-called eyeless mutant of the famous fruit-fly, *Drosophila*, at its first appearance had no or small eyes, and was less healthy and in general less capable of survival than normal wild-type flies. But after a pure eyeless strain had been bred for eight or ten generations, both its health and vigour and its eyes were almost normal. Any odd mutant genes already present in small numbers in the strain, which reduced the harmful effects of the eyeless mutation, automatically multiplied at the expense of those which did not. Natural selection, in fact, provided a genetic servo-mechanism to regulate the mutant back towards normality in its effects.

'That is all very well', you may say. 'It seems to be true that natural selection can turn moths black in industrial areas, can keep protective coloration up to the mark, can produce resistant strains of bacteria and insect pests. But what about really elaborate improvements? Can it transform a reptile's leg into a bird's wing, or turn a monkey into a man? How can a blind and automatic sifting process like selection, operating on a blind and undirected process like mutation, produce organs like the eye or the brain, with their almost incredible complexity and delicacy of adjustment? How can chance produce elaborate design? In a word, are you not asking us to believe too much?' The answer is no: all this is not too much to believe, once one has grasped the way the process operates. Professor R. A. Fisher once summed the matter up in a pithy phrase—'Natural selection is a mechanism for generating an exceedingly high degree of improbability'. Of course, this is in a sense a paradox, and the improbability is only an apparent one: but it is a useful short-hand phrase to denote the real improbability of the results having been produced in any other way than by means of natural selection. The clue to the paradox is time. The longer selection operates, the more improbable (in this sense) are its results; and in point of fact it has been operating for a very long time indeed. All living things are equally old—they can all trace their ancestry back some two thousand million years. With that length of time available, little adjustments can easily be made to add up to miraculous adaptations; and the slight shifts of gene-frequency between one generation and the next can be multiplied to produce radical improvements and totally new kinds of creatures.

### Fantastic Odds

A little calculation demonstrates how incredibly improbable the results of natural selection can be when enough time is available. Following Professor Muller, we can ask what are the odds against a higher animal, such as a horse, being produced by chance alone: that is to say by the accidental accumulation of the necessary favourable mutations, *without* the intervention of selection. To calculate these odds, we need to estimate two quantities—the proportion of favourable mutations to useless or harmful ones; and the total number of mutational steps, or successive favourable mutations, needed for the production of a horse from some simple microscopic ancestor. A proportion of favourable mutations of one in a thousand does not sound much, but is probably generous, since so many mutations are lethal, preventing the organism living at all, and the great majority of the rest throw the machinery slightly out of gear. And a total of a million mutational steps sounds a great deal, but is probably an under-estimate—after all, that only means one step every two thousand years during



biological time as a whole. However, let us take these figures as being reasonable estimates. With this proportion, but without any selection, we should clearly have to breed a thousand strains to get one with one favourable mutation; a million strains (a thousand squared) to get one containing two favourable mutations; and so on, up to a thousand to the millionth power to get one containing a million.

Of course, this could not really happen, but it is a useful way of visualising the fantastic odds against getting a number of favourable mutations in one strain through pure chance alone. A thousand to the millionth power, when written out, becomes the figure 1 with three million noughts after it: and that would take three large volumes of about five hundred pages each, just to print! Actually this is a meaninglessly large figure, but it shows what a degree of improbability natural selection has to surmount, and can circumvent. One with three million noughts after it is the measure of the unlikeliness of a horse—the odds against it happening at all. No one would bet on anything so improbable happening; and yet it *has* happened. It has happened, thanks to the workings of natural selection and the properties of living substance which make natural selection inevitable.

### Frequency of Favourable Mutations

Let us look at the matter in a more realistic way. What natural selection actually *does* is to take a series of rare and abnormal events, in the shape of favourable mutations, and make them common and normal. As we have just seen, the proportion of favourable to unfavourable mutations can be taken as one in a thousand. The frequency of mutation itself is much lower. It varies a good deal: for some genes it is as high as one mutation in fifty thousand, for others as low as one in several million. Perhaps we may take an average of one in a hundred thousand—after reproduction has provided a hundred thousand genes, you may expect that one of them will have mutated. So the actual frequency of favourable mutations will average only one in ten million available genes. Nevertheless, once a rare favourable mutation crops up, selection can and does convert it, in the course of a mere few hundreds of generations, into a normal character of the group; and so on with the next and the next.

In actual practice, the existence of sex renders the process enormously speedier; for it makes possible the combination of all the mutant genes that already exist in different individuals of a species, as well as those that may crop up at different times during the evolutionary future. Sex is thus an indispensable ally of selection in the business of effecting evolutionary change, for it enormously increases the possibility of securing favourable combinations of mutant genes; and it is no accident that sexual recombination has only been abandoned in forms for which stability is more immediately advantageous than change.

We have got used to the idea—which was very disturbing when Lyell first advanced it over a hundred years ago—that the 'eternal hills' are not eternal at all, but will all eventually be flattened out, and the materials of which they are made be deposited to make new rocks elsewhere; and that this all takes place by the accumulation, over a very long lapse of time, of the scarcely perceptible changes that are always going on. We are now getting used to the even more disturbing idea that living nature (including our own nature) is not unchangeable, but can be and is moulded into the strangest shapes; and that this takes place by the slow accumulation of the scarcely perceptible changes brought about by natural selection in each generation. In face of this realisation, all the objections to a selectionist explanation of evolution that are based on the improbability of its results, simply fall to the ground. In fact the shoe is now on the other foot. Improbability is to be *expected* as the result of natural selection; and an exceedingly high apparent improbability in its products merely demonstrates the high degree of its efficacy.

The efficacy of natural selection can also be gauged by studying the way its effects vary in relation to variations in external conditions. Let me just give one example—the geographical variation in the size of warm-blooded animals. Most small or moderate-sized species of warm-blooded animals—birds and mammals—vary in size with latitude; the nearer polewards they live, the bigger they are. Thus, for each degree of north latitude, the linear dimensions of puffins increase by about one per cent.; with the result that puffins from their furthest north in Spitsbergen have nearly double the bulk of puffins from their furthest south in the Balearic Islands. The biological reason for this is that absolutely larger bodies have a relatively smaller surface, and so lose heat less readily. The regular increase of size with latitude is a delicate adaptation for adjusting the temperature-regulating machinery

of the species to the average local temperature: and selection must all the time be operating to maintain the delicacy of this adjustment.

Now for just one example of extreme apparent improbability—the enormously elongated wings of the male Argus pheasant, adorned with their marvellously beautiful eye-spots shaded to give the illusion of solidity—a truly astonishing production of nature, as any of you who have seen the bird in the zoo will agree. Luckily, we know that in this case the intensity of selection is extremely high. Argus pheasants are promiscuously polygamous. A successful male may succeed in mating with half a dozen hens, while some of his less successful rivals may secure no mates at all. The display of the males helps to stimulate the females and induce readiness to mate, so any improvement in its beauty and its stimulating qualities will be at a very high premium.

Passing on from this, we find a very interesting correlation in male birds between the intensity of the selection that is operating on their display, and the development of their display characters. In most small monogamous birds, display before the female only begins after the male has paired up for the season. So the utmost advantage it can secure is to stimulate the female to lay a slightly larger clutch of eggs, and to lay them earlier. In correlation with this merely *fractional* reproductive advantage, the plumage shown off in this sort of display is rarely bright or conspicuous. But such birds have another sort of display—an advertisement display, by which the males advertise their possession of a breeding territory, a warning to rivals, an invitation to potential mates. Here *unit* reproductive success is involved: the more successful males secure a mate, the less successful do not. There is thus a fairly high selective advantage, and in correlation with this the display characters are quite conspicuous—bright patterns or loud songs that can be effective at a distance, like the male yellow-hammer's bright colours, or the nightingale's song. Finally, in polygamous species, there is the possibility of *multiple* reproductive success—one male may secure many mates. An exceedingly high selection-pressure comes into play, and as a result the characters involved in display are hypertrophied and exaggerated to the limit. Indeed, the Argus pheasant's wings, however useful for reproductive success, are an actual handicap in the ordinary business of living.

This leads on to yet another interesting point—that natural selection need not always benefit the species. This is so when it is the result merely of intra-specific competition—in other words, when the competition for survival or reproduction is entirely between different individuals within the species. And when the prize of individual success in reproduction is as great as with male Argus pheasants, selection may even operate so as to reduce the individual's chances in other aspects of existence. The result is an equilibrium—a compromise between different advantages.

### 'A Very Various Agency'

Natural selection, it is clear, is a very various agency. It includes a number of rather distinct selective processes. It varies enormously in intensity, in type, and in direction. It is always relative to the evolutionary situation in which the species finds itself. Its *intensity* is related to the extent of evolutionary opportunity that is open: an oceanic archipelago, where there are few competitors and enemies, provides an enlarged evolutionary opportunity to any species that manages to colonise it. Its *type* is related to the nature of the competitive struggle that is involved, so that sometimes it operates solely or mainly to the benefit of the species as a whole, sometimes solely and mainly to the benefit of one kind of individual as against another. The *character* of its results is related to the nature and predispositions of the species that is evolving. In a bird or a mammal the pressure of enemies may result in a great turn of speed for escape: in a tree or a jellyfish it obviously cannot. And the *direction* of its results is related to the external environment, both physical and biological: an animal species in the arctic tundra and its opposite number in an equatorial forest will be pushed by selection in quite different directions. Natural selection is always operating on a number of different characters at once, often in conflicting ways, so that the end result is a compromise, or a balanced equilibrium. It may result either in change or in the absence of change. In actual fact, it is always operating to secure stability in some characters, while at the same time it is often producing change in others: in other words there is a balance between the maintenance of previous improvement and the securing of new improvement; and the balance changes with the evolutionary situation.

But in stressing the diversity of all these processes, we must not

(continued on page 707)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Mr. Vyshinsky and Admiral Kirk

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## Polling—and After

BY the time these lines appear on Polling Day most people will have made up their minds how to vote and some of our less prompt readers will even know the results of the General Election of 1951. If we may trust the Gallup Poll (and its limitations have become recognised since the last American presidential election) the fight was close in the later stages of the campaign, Government supporters rallying to the tocsin after Parliament was dissolved. In some constituencies supporters of the Party whose candidate lost the last election by a large number of votes might have felt the situation was hopeless but there were many 'marginal' constituencies holding out exciting prospects. Jean-Jacques Rousseau observed that the English people were only 'free' at the time of a General Election, for then only could the 'General Will' express itself. If such a concept as a General Will were acceptable—and one shudders to think what the Logical Positivists might do with it—surely Rousseau was wrong, at least in fact. For in our lifetimes we have known occasions when public opinion has impinged upon the government, when governments have taken or altered actions precisely because that opinion has manifested itself through the press and public meetings and by other means. Indeed in modern times one has become conscious that public opinion can and does make itself felt, and that politicians must give heed to it. Hence the attempts to subject it to a measuring rod through Gallup Polls and their like. The old-fashioned historian who wrote about the national will expressing itself at the time of King John or King Charles I usually talked nonsense, but today, in the Age of the Common Man, one may, at least with some degree of plausibility, pay homage to public opinion, above all at election time.

Not only are 'samples' of public opinion taken and analysed between elections, but the elections themselves have recently been subjected to minute investigation by political scientists and statisticians. One would hesitate to affirm that any startling conclusions have emerged from their studies, but, on the other hand, what a boon such studies will be to future historians of our island. Moreover, facile generalisations are no longer possible. For example, it is clearly untrue to say that election campaigns make no difference. Wavering supporters can be induced to return to their ancient loyalties and doubtless won over. Thus candidates shouting themselves hoarse from the hustings and canvassers trudging up interminable flights of stairs are not beating the empty air, while broadcasting enables a speaker hopefully to envisage a vaster audience than Disraeli or Gladstone ever dreamed of.

The present election has also seen the addition of the television screen to the platforms of politicians. Undoubtedly the three performances last week (the words of which we reproduce in this week's issue to give our readers something of the flavour of a novel phenomenon) will be carefully studied and assessed by all the parties and agencies concerned. Inevitably politicians who appear either at the microphone or at the television screen are called upon to give a special kind of performance (as also in cinema news-reels) which is different from public speaking at the local council school or at Westminster. But then politicians, like actors, clergymen, or barristers, must be prepared to adapt their technique to their environment. A good performance can impress, but the standards that should be applied to a television appearance in terms of actual votes will emerge only with time. But at least the twentieth century has contributed something new to the repertory of politicians.

ON OCTOBER 18, Moscow radio broadcast the Soviet version of the interview between Mr. Vyshinsky and the retiring United States Ambassador in Moscow, Admiral Kirk, in which Admiral Kirk urged the Soviet Government to use its influence to bring the Korean peace talks to a successful conclusion. In America the *New York Times* was quoted as agreeing with the State Department's description of Mr. Vyshinsky's statement as 'another propaganda blast', amounting to a rebuff of the American approach. Under the circumstances, said the newspaper, President Truman was also right when he said that any agreement with the Soviet Union was not worth the paper it was written on. But, added the *New York Times*:

This attitude has always been subject to the important qualification that agreements with the Soviet Union will be welcome and necessary as soon as we have created positions of strength adequate to negotiate with the Soviets on a basis which the free world can accept and firm enough to compel the Soviets to keep the agreements made: and that we must therefore continue to explore possibilities for agreement against the day when the Soviets come to the same conclusion.

From France, the Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted for the following comment:

What is most striking is that the United States' desire for peace has seldom been shown more clearly. The American *démarche* put the Kremlin leaders, who are so prodigal in their talk of peace, against the wall; and their reply was negative. It is thus proved that the Soviet Union is opposed to useful discussions aimed at easing relations. This should serve to destroy any remaining illusion about the sincerity of the communist peace offensive. There is only one solution left: the free nations must continue their rearmament and strengthen the bonds among themselves in order to stand up to an imperialism which succeeds only when it is confronted with disorder and weakness.

The Catholic conservative *Le Figaro* likewise expressed disappointment that Moscow should have regarded the American gesture as a sign of weakness. The Soviet Union, it said, claimed to be ready to negotiate, but evaded the concrete issues. The communist *L'Humanité* saw in the Soviet statement only a demonstration of the Soviet Union's willingness to continue to fight for a peaceful solution of all outstanding problems.

The situation in Egypt continued to be the main topic of comment last week. A Moscow broadcast stated that the successful struggle waged by Persia against the imperialists had given confidence and strength to the Egyptian people in their struggle for independence, and that the movement for supporting Egypt was gaining momentum every day. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast over Vienna radio prophesied that Iraq, Syria, and the Lebanon would imminently follow Egypt's lead in 'thoroughly upsetting the warmongers' plans'. A Warsaw broadcast declared that if the Atlantic Powers used force against Egypt, it would 'lead to a holy war of Arabs against imperialists; and for such a war America, as is shown by their intervention in Korea, is not yet ready—it is too weak'. According to a Hungarian broadcast:

The peoples of the Near East are rising one after the other. . . . They are inspired by the strength of the peace camp, by the example of the Far Eastern peoples who are successfully fighting for liberation and, above all, by the glorious example of victorious China.

From China itself, the *People's Daily* was quoted as saying:

The Chinese people are fully aware of the suffering of the Egyptian people and are in full sympathy with their struggle for independence and freedom.

There was extensive comment from Cairo radio. One broadcast expressed surprise that the Western Powers should have 'expected Egypt to acquiesce in the replacement of a British occupation . . . by an international one including Britain and other Commonwealth members notorious for their hostility to our independence'. The fact was that Egypt and Britain were 'diametrically opposed to each other':

While we declare our desire for neutrality and our intention to avoid the conflicts between east and west, and while we decide that there is no future for us without salvation from British occupation and unity with our brothers in the south, they try to attract us to their side and to place our country at their disposal, to be the enemies of their enemies, with the realisation of our demands indefinitely postponed.

The broadcast concluded by declaring that Egypt was strong, was demanding only her legitimate rights and would tolerate neither refusals nor procrastination.



# Did You Hear That?

## WHERE THE SUN NEVER RISES

'SOMEWHERE DEEP in the heart of Texas', said SAM POLLOCK in a North of England Home Service broadcast, 'there is a great supply base which serves American Air Force stations all over the world. The other week they sent out a call to all their customers—in Wiesbaden, in Tokio, in Hawaii—right round the globe, asking for a photograph of some of the local girls employed at each station, handling a case of these supplies, legibly marked with the place of origin. The idea was they were going to make a great display in the supply base magazine under the caption: "The Sun Never Sets on Such-and-Such Air Force Base Supplies!" One of these calls came to the great American Base at Burtonwood in Lancashire, and back went the reply: "Brother, we're sitting this one out—here, the sun never rises".

'Burtonwood has been running now for three years, since the days of the Berlin air lift. Some of the young American married women who had just joined their husbands during the week I was there—an unusually bleak and rainy period even for Warrington and district—making their first acquaintance with the British common cold, obviously had not seen the joke yet. And the most patriotic citizen of Warrington will, I am sure, forgive the newly joined major I overheard assuring his wife, who came from Paris (Paris, France, I ought to say, not Paris, Idaho, or Paris, Kentucky) that Warrington—which was not looking its best at the time—was not England. After all, the same has often been said of London.

'The most complete case of acclimatisation I ran into was that of Master-Sergeant and Mrs. Riley, who came here when the base opened in 1948. Mrs. Riley and her husband returned to the United States ten days ago, and practically half the population of Warrington was at the station to see them off. For two years now no whist drive, no women's outing, no get-together at the local—and, let me add, no queue at the local fishmonger's or greengrocer's—has been complete for her neighbours—all English—without Mrs. Riley. She and her husband left their quarters inside the base of their own accord—left their Westinghouse Electric stove and refrigerator and furnace heating and all the other transatlantic refinements—and went to live in rooms in town.

'When I called on her she was using the gas poker to start a blazing coal fire in the best wasteful English manner, "because you know", she said, "you can't beat a nice cheerful fire", a sentiment I have heard somewhere before. It is true that one reason they moved was that they gained financially, but if you saw their relations with the landlady and the neighbours, you would have seen it was not the only reason. Master-Sergeant Riley himself was a member in very good standing of the dominoes school at the pub at the corner, and every Sunday morning took the dog for a walk in that direction, as any good Briton would. And the Rileys are not the only example of this sort of thing—far from it. To quote only one other, there is the Technical Sergeant's wife, another old-timer, who came over prepared to love an England of ancient cathedrals and old-world villages which had been sold her by Hollywood and, let us be fair, by some English films as well, and stayed to love—and will be heart-broken to leave—an England that looks nothing like it.

'The most 100 per cent. American woman I met during my visit—100 per cent. American to anyone taking their ideas from the films—

was the girl who opened the door to me when I called at the home of another family living in camp. She wore blue jeans and a zip-fastened—well, I'd call it a lumber blouse. She spoke—to me—authentic Brooklyn, and was, unless I am mistaken, chewing gum. She was a baby-sitter from Saint Helens who had never been nearer the United States than Blackpool'.

## VICTIM OF POACHER AND STALKER

'We have not many varieties of wild animals left to us in Britain', said LORD TWEEDSMUIR in a Home Service talk. 'But whereas relatively few people in Britain know what the pine marten or the Highland wild cat or the Welsh polecat looks like, everyone has a picture in their mind of our wild red deer.

'Since the war and the steady rise in prices, only too tragically many red deer have been slaughtered, and are still being slaughtered, by the poacher, who cares not what cruelty he inflicts and comes by day or by night with the lorry which he hopes to cram with as many carcasses as possible, to be sold at enormous prices to a wide range of dubious dealers. Only too many of his victims limp away, wounded to die in suffering amidst the silence of the hills. The long arm of the law, which throughout the centuries has been scrupulous to



Red deer at Glen Loyne, Scotland

Robert M. Adam

protect the deer population, was not framed to deal with killers of this kind, and needs not to be amended but to be replaced.

'I live on the upper waters of the Dee among the Cairngorm mountains. It is traditionally a land of deer. In the depths of winter, when the whole land is covered by a mantle of snow and the thermometer is often down to the zero mark, the deer at nightfall will come down in great herds to the river bank, lean and hungry and seemingly little afraid of man, but when the snow goes and goodness comes back to the grazing, they become different beings. In April and May they shed their horns, and later, as full summer comes, the flies drive them up the mountain sides to the high tops. It is here—on the high tops—that the stalker pursues them, at the time of the year when they are in the pride of their strength. He is pitted against an animal with the keenest of eyesight, and astonishing sense of smell, and the acutest of hearing. One of the worthiest of all quarries. The deer is lightning quick to detect any movement, but may accept the presence of man if he be still enough. "Gang as if we were something growing", I once heard a stalker say.

'The red deer's sense of smell is far more sensitive than any other deer or any antelope that I have ever encountered. A friend of mine told me that last winter some deer got into one of his plantations and he set about driving them out. He opened the plantation gates and as each beast came to human tracks in the snow athwart the gateway, they bounded high in the air, as if they were jumping a yard high fence, to avoid the smell of man'.

## BIRDS OVER THE ATLANTIC

'By about the middle of September the breeding cycle of the British sea-birds has come to an end', explained JAMES FISHER in a Home Service talk. 'For many of them, of course, it was over in August, or even July, but September is the month when the young of the slowest breeders come to full flight. At the end of August the young



gannets and the young fulmars are deserted on their ledges by their parents and left to find their own way down to the sea and fend for themselves.

'The true sea-bird, or perhaps we should say ocean-bird, is an animal to which the crossing of the Atlantic means as little as it means to our present generation of humans. Even the most oceanic of the bird wanderers—the albatrosses, the petrels, the fulmars, the shearwaters, the penguins, and the kittiwakes—even these (at least when they are adult) appear to be bound by curious psychological bonds (the purpose of which is not fully understood) to their breeding rocks. Why do the fulmars, of our ever-increasing chain of nesting colonies round the coasts of Britain, come back to their cliffs before Christmas?

'October is the sea-birds' only free month in the North Atlantic, the only month in which the adults have shed all their connection with the land and have no urge even to visit it. In October there is a sort of explosion of the populations from the shores to the oceans. Adults and young burst into the ocean.

'This winter dispersal of the oceanic sea-birds is only in a partial sense a migration, for the flights of the various birds are often in the direction of food rather than in a particular north-south or east-west direction. Many of our gulls associate themselves with the fishing fleet and follow where it takes them. But gulls, with the exception of the kittiwake, are not really oceanic: they are only exceptionally seen beyond the hundred-fathom line. The oceanic birds do indeed also follow fishing-vessels, such as the big sea-going trawlers; fulmars have been doing this ever since steam trawlers struck the great fish-banks of Iceland and Bear Island. Quite a large number of the British guillemots actually disperse north in the winter to the Norwegian coast. Among the gannets the situation is rather interesting, because the adults disperse while the young migrate. The young go south in their first winter, some penetrating into the Mediterranean, others continuing along the African coast to about the Canary Islands.

'The grand bank of Newfoundland is the place where the cold southward-flowing Labrador current strikes the north-eastward-flowing warm Gulf Stream. There is a great convergence and turbulence of water and great upwellings and concentration of food at the surface of the sea, and a consequent grazing ground for oceanic birds. For that is what the ocean birds are looking for in their great dispersal—grazing-grounds, places where there is a rich life in the sea surface, rich masses of the tiny single-celled sea plants, the diatoms, which are fed upon by tiny crustaceans, of which one of the most abundant is called *calanus*. Some of the sea-birds go for other curious animals of the surface, for instance, the sea butterflies; these are really molluscs which have developed their feet into paddles and which swim slowly in a flapping motion at the surface. Some of the sea-birds will eat almost anything, especially if it is fatty—fulmars will even eat jellyfish.

'To reach grazing grounds and find this food, the oceanic sea-birds of the North Atlantic do not entirely fly and swim. If they were to explore the million square miles of their winter beat with their engines on all the time, they would become completely exhausted, however clever they were at finding fuel. The truth is, of course, that they explore the North Atlantic not so much by flying as by sailing. They are themselves more wonderful sail-planes and better sail-plane pilots than men have ever devised or become. Indeed, their chief requirement for successful travel is half a gale. In calm weather they are incapable of

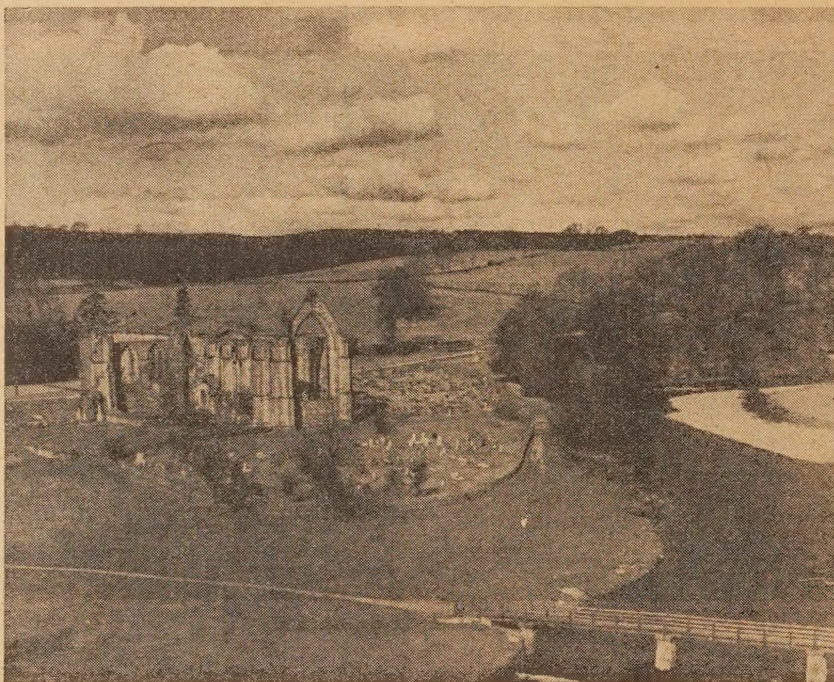
important travel, but in a wind they can make sea miles in almost any direction they like, tacking against the wind by clever use of the calm valleys between the waves and the upward component of the wind reflected from the waves' surface'.

## IN PRAISE OF YORKSHIRE SCENERY

Discussing the great pleasures of being a Yorkshire woman in the Television series, 'Speaking Personally', PHYLLIS BENTLEY said: 'To begin with, there are mountains—the Pennines, running all the way down the west side of the county: dark, rocky hills at the top, then sweeps of purple heather, then a ledge of grass and bracken, very golden at this time of the year, and then the steep drop to the valleys below. And from these mountains, these hills, come many rivers. An old schoolmaster once told me that the river system of Yorkshire was

like a hand, and if you look at your right hand, you will see it is a very good description. The wrist is the North Sea, the palm is the great estuary of the Humber, and the fingers are the rivers, though you would have to have twice as many fingers to indicate all the Yorkshire rivers. And because Yorkshire rivers rise in Yorkshire hills and flow down through Yorkshire plains to a Yorkshire sea, there are all kinds of river scenery in my county. There are little, tumbling rocky becks, then there are the pleasant, winding, silver rivers that go along the dales, with woods and hayfields and pastures beside them: that view, for instance, of Wharfedale.

'With moor and fell, field, forest, and rivers, and, in the east, the waves dashing against the white cliffs of Flamborough, Yorkshire has a tremendous



The ruins of Bolton Abbey, set in the countryside of Wharfedale

J. Allan Cash

variety of landscape. I like the Pennine landscape the best—the landscape of the West Riding of Yorkshire, where I live. To be on top of a rocky Pennine with a great Atlantic wind blowing grey clouds quickly across the sky—that is my idea of happiness.

'But, of course, it is not only the countryside of Yorkshire that I enjoy; I like the urban landscape as well. We have plenty of fine cathedrals in Yorkshire—York and Ripon and Beverley. And we have some fine old abbeys, and, of course, some old Norman castles. But it is not really those I mean. I am thinking of the modern town landscape, because, though perhaps you will not believe it, I like mill chimneys. I do not like the smoke they pour out, of course, but as an architectural structure I think a mill chimney is a very beautiful thing. And when I have been away, and come back to the West Riding, my heart always lifts at the first sight of a group of mill chimneys.

'Perhaps I like the mill chimneys really because they are part of another pleasure which I enjoy greatly: Yorkshire history—or perhaps I had better say West Riding history—for it is the West Riding textile trade that I enjoy so much. We have made wool cloth in the West Riding for at least 600 years. In fact, there is a story that goes back 600 years earlier still—1,200 years ago, as far back as 796. Charlemagne wrote to a King in the North Midlands to ask him to see that the wool cloaks should be sent of the same pattern as used to come in the olden time. Evidently, the recent cloaks had not pleased them in France so much. I often joke with the West Riding manufacturers of cloth about this story; I tell it to them and say: "It's a pity the first historical record of the West Riding trade is one of goods not being up to sample". They laugh, but they shake their heads, too: they don't like it, because, naturally, they are very proud of their great trade'.



New Out of Africa—V

# Speeches in the Sun

PATRICK O'DONOVAN on life and politics in the Gold Coast

IT was a warm and still evening in Accra. They were holding a public meeting under a Tamarind tree. An African in a loose, grey suit was most eloquently damning the British—as a great many people have done before him. Around him, in a hollow square, there sat a couple of hundred of the young men of the Gold Coast, and every now and again they shouted with excitement. They wore khaki shorts and singlets or else a brilliant cloth flung over one shoulder as if it were a Roman toga. A few women, bundled in faded dresses, leaned over the balconies of wooden houses watching the men at their work. The light was draining quickly out of the sky, and above the shabby houses and around the dusty trees the bats were racing and turning in the twilight.

The speaker's voice was excited. He used a tea chest for a platform. He was telling the young men that Britain had denied them liberty and had kept them poor and uneducated. He told them how Englishmen without training or experience were sent out to govern them as political officers. One scarcely recognised one's own country. He promised them roads, schools, hospitals, and high wages if his party were given power and their country received independence. When he saw me standing there, looking like any man that had blundered into a family party, he stopped and a kitchen chair was set for me. And then he went on with more gusto than ever. He finished by shouting a series of slogans at them, things about freedom and self-government, and they shouted back the proper answers in loud unison. The speaker asked me back to his house, and the young men, sitting now in almost complete darkness, sang a song in which politics and religion were curiously mixed. And the speaker, who is now a member of the Executive Council of the Gold Coast—in effect, a Cabinet Minister—spent the evening sipping weak whisky and talking with a sad affection of England and its universities.

This meeting was only one of thousands that were, and still are, being held all over the Gold Coast, in the plaster towns and in the villages of mud and iron. It is a part of the process of change—here more advanced than anywhere else in Africa—which makes this small colony on the West Coast of Africa the most interesting to a stranger and, perhaps, just now, the

most important politically on the continent. The whole place is abandoned to politics—schoolboys, water-front workers, journalists who seldom seem to have any time or space to report news, farmers even, the natty clerks—all talking politics, rather as a few years ago in Britain we were all talking war. You cannot get away from them, not in church, nor in the university, nor in your hotel, nor at the gleaming dinner tables of the white officials.

But this is doubtless a temporary phase. Naturally this bubbling, rather exhausting excitement is to be seen at its fiercest and clearest



Queues outside a polling station in Accra during the first Gold Coast elections, in February this year



Engineering students at Achimota College

in Accra. Now there is a certain sort of person who invariably button-holes the enquiring stranger and says 'Get out of Accra, old boy, it's not the real Gold Coast'. He has usually spent half his life in the country and usually hates the changes. You can, of course, in this useful little *cliché*, substitute Teheran, or Paris, or Tokyo, and it will have the same undermining effect. Usually, these confident people believe that some primitive and very respectful tribe a long way away embodies the real spirit of the country. But in the Gold Coast today, if you want to try to find out what sort of place it is, you must go to the capital. In miniature you have here the sort of place the country is becoming.

It is a strange and rather lovely town. It has the air of having been there for a long time. Your first impression is of a glittering whiteness topped with palm trees and edged with white breakers, and all dazzling under a blinding, white sun burning at the very top of the sky. Yet despite the heat, the place seethes with life. The pavements overflow on to the roads. Its streets are untidy, because in almost every one of them there are a couple of incomplete buildings with their thin scaffolding bending outwards, and nothing looks planned or matched. There are open spaces, dry and bare, and old cemeteries where the tops of grey crosses peer out of the coarse grass. There are lines of booths, packed close together, selling strange costumes, little embroidered caps, bundles of dried herbs, smoked fish lying in heaps like discarded gloves. There are sad-looking chapels and shops like warehouses, and everywhere the buildings seem to press and jostle against one another, peering



over each other's shoulders—lines of plaster bungalows, huts, and, sometimes, stuck among them, an old family house, which is like an elegant wooden box standing on stone pillars with its wood faded and its shutters close and the whole asleep and silent behind a high wall.

But it is most lovely at night. The hundreds of market women scattered about the town are still beside their piles of food or behind a tray of stale cigarettes which they sell one by one; and now they have each lit a little lamp; and each sits beside a flickering, yellow flame made by a wick floating in a dish of palm oil. It looks like a place got ready for a party. There is little traffic now, since most of the Europeans have withdrawn to the suburbs and the men in their carefully laundered trousers saunter down the middle of the streets, and the women sit in the doorways of their dark houses in which, perhaps, there is just one of these yellow flames; they shout like sergeant majors to each other and wash their children in dishes of water; the warm night is deafening with noises—with singing, and the thud-dings made by women pounding meal in wooden mortars; dogs are barking, and maybe there is the sound of drums in another street and great shouts of laughter.

Against this restless background they are today acting out what is probably the boldest experiment in colonial government that we have tried, certainly the boldest ever in Africa. You do not have to be a journalist to come across evidence of a positive and continual change that sets this country quite apart from the fixity of East and Central Africa. In my walks through Accra, I would sometimes stop at one of the little bars in the town. They are not very grand affairs. Round the bar there was always a brazen noise from a gramophone played at its loudest, usually, then, a tune called 'Norah', or some other West Indian calypso. Out in the street and in the darkness there would be a dozen little boys, bare to the waist, with a piece of colourless cloth tied around their middles, dancing furiously and blissfully.

Inside, in an unpretentious boarded room, with old advertisements or pictures of cathedrals on its walls, there would be a crowd of men drinking slowly and only too anxious to talk politics—particularly to a European. Sometimes it was rather odd, as when a fairly well-to-do Hausa trader, wearing a long cotton gown, assured me that the present leader of the government of the Gold Coast turned himself into a white cat every night he was in prison and went off to sup with his friends—and the British never found out. But usually there would be African police officers, or very serious journalists, or minor politicians, or some clerks who had come here from French Togoland, all talking and talking about things that were almost practicable—and that, in a democracy, is at least a prelude to getting things done. There was the Assembly meeting in the hall where the Europeans hold their dances and their concerts with the Governor's party sitting in the front row of the gallery. Until the Africans have a new building this had to serve them as a parliament house. Huge crowds used to line the roads to watch the members arrive. The chiefs came in cars tight-packed with their heralds and umbrella holders and page boys; the popular candidates came in party vans or on foot; the white officials came in shiny English limousines.

Inside the temporary chamber they built a dais for the speaker, with the lion and unicorn and royal shield of Britain over his tall chair. Around it there was a semi-circle of new desks and seats for the members. An African policeman in white gloves carried a heavy silver mace in front of the African speaker. Members bowed as he passed, and then rose to propose their motions with the heavy formulae of Westminster—though in their speeches they used a stronger and a simpler way of talking that sounded sometimes a little wild to our sheltered ears. At least to begin with, the members came in their national costume, rich versions of the togas that the youths had worn listening to the politician under the tamarind tree. These were the colour of parrots' wings, hand woven of heavy, green thread and thickly embroidered with gold; they hung in noble folds almost to the ground, leaving one shoulder bare. The chiefs wore great chunks of rock-gold about their persons; the members, as they rose, slowly rearranged the folds of their robes. It must have been the most splendid assembly that has ever gathered in our time in the name of Parliament.

I do not want to give the impression that the scene of this experiment is one of charming riot interrupted by occasional pageantry. No portrait of the stage on which this drama is being acted out would be complete without mention of a place a few miles from Accra, which is of an almost equal importance in the long run. This is the University College of the Gold Coast at Achimota. It is a collection of white buildings on a naked hillside; they stand among parched lawns. Young Africans hurry down its roads in blue university gowns, with piles of books under

their arms. There is an academic buzz from lecture rooms. Here is a university with an African accent, keeping standards that we would admit, providing the leaders for the new Gold Coast and keeping a healthy scepticism about politicians. I listened for a while to a politician addressing the students one day. He is, I know, an excellent and honest fellow, but the platitudes that sound fine shouted over the heads of a few thousand supporters do not suit universities. Some of the students became restless, some laughed, and some asked impertinent questions. It was good for the students, for the politician, and for the Gold Coast too. It might have been any student union in any English university except that they were more emotional, used their hearts rather more than we do. This ability to criticise constructively is rare still in Africa. And so, if I had to point to one country in Africa that is of outstanding importance just now, I would suggest the Gold Coast; and if I had to lay my finger on one achievement of which we could be wholly proud, it would not be an irrigation scheme, nor yet some generous constitutional reform: it would be Achimota.—*Home Service*

## Climbing Above the Cave

Rock-rung echo, wrung from this moving  
Step-quickened speaker, Antaeus-born light,  
My cave-crossing shadow, lucky living,  
Inverted, vertical, binds in flight  
Fossil to wind-flower, stone to air,  
The spaceless dead in their speechless rock  
To a spirit hung on the windy stair,  
Stunned by the dull waves' crash and shock.  
Great hollows, then, make the fine strings speak:  
'You were born to a musical order, die  
To a musical order; seek, then, seek  
Notes that were true in the Past'.

Here I

Unsheathe a dagger to pierce the sun.  
I have trapped the winds, lassoed the sea,  
Tread intricately this track where none  
Hears what I hear, sees what I see,  
All wedges, ledges being betrayed  
To the last pressure of foot on stone.  
Here time is stopped, and the crouching shade  
Knows for an instant the unknown,  
How my hand's companion, breaking the crust  
Of violent hunters hidden beneath,  
Signals an insurrection of dust,  
And a mounted skeleton in the teeth  
Of the waves and the whirlwind spurs his host  
Into thundering seas.

My praying step

Can make rocks fast, uproot the coast,  
With the faith of a prophet softly keep  
Sea, mountain, and giant air  
Dancing, forever changing, born  
In a moment, then no longer there,  
Lands that a wishbone laughs to scorn:  
Where the parched flint has eyes.

Yet here

Luminous tides and breeding winds  
Tell me suddenly I am near  
Darkness, the door of my hidden friends,  
Where stone is a fading wonder, moss  
A monument; there the glacier thrives  
Dropping stalactites' marble gloss,  
Quick as a shower of hail where knives,  
Edged on the whetstone, turn;

For there

Fins cut the surface, flashing free.  
Dolphins, leaping to light in air,  
Turn, and bound on the wheel of sea.  
Wave through the cave-mouth glorious swims,  
Gathering from darkness my true day,  
Wrenching from rock the eternal limbs  
Where the soul's fathers, anchorites, pray.

VERNON WATKINS



# How Cézanne Saw and Used Colour

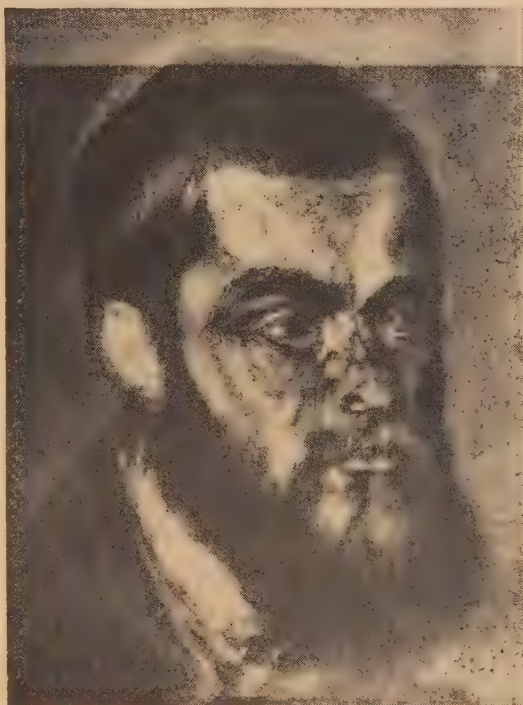
By GERARD J. R. FRANKL

SINCE Emile Bernard published his reminiscences in 1920, and Roger Fry his critical analysis in 1927, the literature on Cézanne has become very vast. Yet it is, I think, strange that so far no attempt seems to have been made to answer the simple question: 'What has Cézanne done and how did he do it?' All those articles and books on Cézanne describe isolated aspects of his work, facets, if you like, of his achievement, but the isolated 'symptoms' do not seem to hang together. The interpreters of Cézanne have failed to achieve what he himself thought was of supreme importance when he said: 'One must unite in one belief that which is dispersed'.

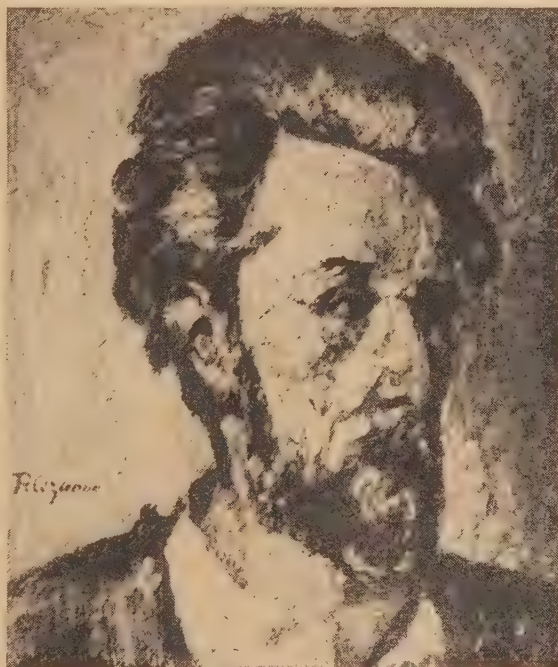
My aim here is to define Cézanne's central belief, his 'formula', the optical experience which he had and which, I think, everyone can have—up to a point—who takes the trouble to look with attention at colour relations. We have frequently heard it said—and once on the Third Programme—that Cézanne applied colour to form. I do not think that any painter ever did anything else. We must try to answer the specific question 'How did Cézanne apply colour to form?' Only then shall we be able to assess the role of Cézanne.

I must confine myself here to the barest skeleton. We know that Impressionism was Cézanne's raw material. He has said 'I wanted to make Impressionism into an art as solid and as lasting as the art of museums'. If we think of a typical Impressionist painter, say, Monet, and if we imagine him at work, then we realise (and of course we also know it from eye-witness accounts) that he tried to catch nature on the wing. Monet had separate canvases for almost each hour of his working day. He would have been unable to go on working on a picture while the light changed and the sun cast new shadows. In Cézanne's case it was different. He, too, worked from nature but he went on for many hours, and it has often been noticed that he rarely depicted such changing features as cast shadows. He wanted, as a child once said in, I think, a moving way, 'to paint what is always there'.

So, you see, both the Impressionists and Cézanne painted from nature; but their optical approach must have been different. The optics of Impressionism are well known. We know that seen side by side, in juxtaposition, colours look different from what they look singly, in isolation. For instance, the moment we put some red apples in front of a plain grey wall, the grey wall will look distinctly greenish. This effect is called



By courtesy of the Courtauld Institute  
Titian's portrait of Varchi: an X-ray photograph of the head; and below, Cézanne's portrait of Choquet: to illustrate the similarity of Titian's under painting and Cézanne's technique



By courtesy of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rothschild

'colour induction', and these subjective, physiological colours—like the green which appears on the grey wall—are called 'inducted colours'. They are produced and projected by the eye as it were in protest against irritation. The inducted colours which the eye produces are the opposite colours—the complementaries—of the 'real' ones: and so the red apples produce, or 'induce', green. This subjective green will influence the 'real' red and make it appear stronger, and this process of mutual influence, of mutual colour induction, will go on and produce ever subtler hues. The real Impressionists put these perceptions one after the other on their canvases, and they also superimposed them. Therefore the Impressionists first made visible the important change which makes a grey wall look greenish, and then they added the 'finer shades'—those lovely mother-of-pearl tones. But—and it is a serious 'but'—the first great change which makes a grey wall into a greenish wall also makes it 'lose its identity'. The grey wall loses what is called its 'local colour'; and that is precisely what Cézanne wanted to avoid. He said: 'One must preserve local colour, like the Venetians'.

What happened in Cézanne's case? We know that he stared at nature for a long time before he put down even one brush stroke. Was he just a slow worker, and clumsy, as people thought on the occasion of the Post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1911? Let us try to see what happens if we stare for a fairly long time at a colour contrast, for example at those red apples in front of the grey wall. If we do that, and if we persist in watching the colour contrast, we can experience something extremely curious. First, of course, the wall—a large part of it—looks greenish, and we still feel that it is at a distance from the apples. But if we go on

looking, the subjective green of the wall will seem to shrink, to condense, to coagulate if you like, into a fairly sharply defined rim round the apples—a rim of rather strong green. And this rim 'belongs' decisively to the edge of the red. When this happens, when we see this pair of colours formed, then, at the same moment, the distance between the apples and the wall seems to vanish—quite magically.

I first noticed this phenomenon in 1924. Since then many experiments have been made, and recently a little apparatus has been devised which shows this effect clearly. What happens is that the eye gradually sums up or integrates the subjective colours which it produces, and makes



them into simple, final colours. Then the eye perceives any colour contrast by oscillating between the neighbouring colours; and so, in due course, it seems to 'stitch them together' so that they appear in one plane. The shrinking of the area affected by the physiological, 'inducted' colour means, of course, that the objects 'keep their identity', that they do not lose their local colour. Remember that Cézanne was very anxious to preserve local colour.

### Missing Link between Colour and Form?

I believe, and some scholars agree, that this physiological experience has a great deal to do with Cézanne's painting, and not only with Cézanne's painting; I think that we have here the missing link between his colour and his form; between his coloured form and his perspective. This contention is far from self-evident. But let us have another look at our apples—perhaps they will look even more like a Cézanne if we try again. Our first experiment has already produced two characteristics which are typical of Cézanne: the final pairs of strong colour, and the lack of naturalistic depth. But when you watch more carefully you can see something else which is equally important. When the final colours are formed by the eye, when they appear, then the outline where they meet will look much simplified, more monumental. The final, or 'integrated' colours create their own drawing, and a much monumentalised drawing it is. This again is a gradual process, as Cézanne said himself: 'Step by step as the colours become more harmonious, the drawing becomes more precise'.

I would like now to consider another major riddle: the relation between Cézanne's colour and his perspective. On this the Cézanne literature is particularly sketchy. Nearly every writer noted that Cézanne—in contrast to the Impressionists—did not use the linear or, if you like, Renaissance perspective, and some noticed that he used several horizons, and occasionally also several viewpoints. But as so often in the case of Cézanne, confusion is caused because traditional devices are ascribed to him as if he had invented them. And then most writers on Cézanne tended to confuse Cézanne's mind with that of his followers who think in terms of 'planes parallel to the picture plane'; and who concern themselves with all sorts of other sophisticated devices; such things are indeed important features of Cézanne's pictures, but they are by-products of his vision rather than something he intellectually aimed at.

Why are those 'planes parallel to the picture plane' automatically produced by Cézanne's way of contemplating colour? You need only look at a tree in front of one of those mean suburban red-brick houses to get the answer. The two colours inside and just outside the left edge of our tree will appear in one plane—one colour belongs to the red house, and one to the tree; but the pair on the right will also appear in one plane, even if the house goes away from us towards the right, even if it is foreshortened. And since the two pairs are in one plane anyway, because they belong to the same tree, we see the far side of the house as near as the near side; that is to say the house cannot possibly be represented as foreshortened. Again, Cézanne's corrections fully bear out that he had no *a priori* scheme; he gradually achieved transformations which will always appear magical to us.

I would hate to fall into an obvious trap: we must not say that Cézanne was merely reproducing what physiology dictated to him. True enough, he himself has often insisted that the slightest letting-up, the slightest lack of visual concentration, ruined everything. But he was not simply a trance-painter. He had seen very clearly that the Venetians had painted with a similar vision and technique before him. This is an important point: if you look at a Byzantine mosaic you will at once notice the—in this case—very obvious strips of integrated colour, and you will see that the mosaics do not suggest natural depth. In short, a mosaic looks very much like a Cézanne who, by the way, never saw a mosaic in his life. But again, if you look at a typical Venetian painting—and I mean a typical Venetian painting in Cézanne's sense: Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto—then the mosaic technique is there, too, only less obviously so. The Venetians adopted this technique from the Byzantines, and the Byzantines quite possibly preserved in their mosaics something of the essential Greek heritage. It is quite possible that the use of integrated colour belongs to the great Greek heritage, and that it was originally the counterpart in colour of the Greek bas-relief. In these bas-reliefs we find again plastic forms strongly linked to each other without undercutting, and there also everything takes place within the limits of a shallow stage. Indeed, you need only think of the development of Titian's work to realise that his compositions became more and more frieze-like, that his stage became shallower, and that the total depth of his paintings became more and more limited just in the

sense of the Greek bas-reliefs. Now think of Cézanne. It is exactly the same development. From the moment he consciously adopted the use of what we tentatively call integrated colour in 1872, he made his pictures and particularly his landscapes more and more into clearly defined and limited reliefs. He finally even had to treat the sky as a solid. He had to.

Thus colour, form, and perspective cannot be separated. They are linked together by colour contemplation. The far-reaching effect of colour contemplation can be tested and demonstrated. At the beginning I said that we should be able to find out how Cézanne applied colour to form. The optical experience which I have just described does still not quite answer this question because our experience only explains how and why Cézanne's objects are linked together—or how and why the objects on mosaics or on Venetian paintings are linked together; but we have not yet discovered how the modelling takes place, how any of these artists in the Greek tradition found the colour elements which express form. Cézanne has described this process with perfect lucidity; but since people never bothered to try his method of colour contemplation, they could not make head or tail of Cézanne's description, which was even called nonsensical by a prominent Cézanne scholar. Now what Cézanne said was, in effect, that the formation of final colours on the edges sets off a chain reaction. That is to say the artist is forced to find similar simple colours as he progresses towards the centre of his objects. This process was definitely known to Goethe, who described it in his *Treatise on Colour*, of 1808. You may remember that often there is a white spot at the centre of, say, a hand or an apple painted by Cézanne. Well, he bitterly complained about these troublesome white spots. His difficulty was that if he used too high a key on the edge, he would have no room left for the covering touch in the middle—that is to say, in such a case he could not cover the white spot.

There are still one or two things which should be mentioned. First, about Cézanne's development. There is little doubt that Cézanne discovered the Venetian—or Greek, if you like—colour vision in the Louvre. As early as 1869 he painted the 'Railway Cutting', now in Munich, where the use of integrated colour is pushed to an extent never surpassed in his work. But during 1870 and 1871, when he was in hiding at the Estaque, he fell back into the temperamental, earlier manner, and it was only when he met Pissarro again in 1872 that he was—I may say—thunderstruck: Pissarro had already used these 'final' colours in his early paintings. Cézanne at once copied one of them, and from then onwards he never looked back. It is rather difficult to imagine an artist working at one fundamental conception for about thirty-five years. It is remarkable that during these thirty-five years he was driven to repeat the development of mosaic from the fifth to the eighth centuries. He first modelled his objects round and round, with long curved brush strokes of varying direction. This phase corresponds to the mosaics of the fifth century. Then he found this method a little awkward and brutal, and so, about 1879, he discovered the overall pattern of brush strokes where all the brushwork goes in one direction, nearly vertical. This corresponds to the mosaic technique which led to the finest works from the sixth to the eighth century.

### Man of Destiny

Shortly before 1890, Cézanne again found himself in an *impasse*: he had used the final—integrated—colours for descriptive purposes, and that was not satisfactory. It would not be fair to attempt a description of the last phase in the few moments which remain to me. But it should be said that by applying the essentially Greek tradition of colour vision to the direct representation of nature Cézanne became an intensely traditional and an immensely revolutionary painter. More, perhaps, than any other European painter he was a man of destiny. By completing the circle of classical tradition he at the same time demolished it. When Cézanne died, the young painters turned to barbaric art. But, and that is very important, they borrowed their formal means from Cézanne. Cézanne's work which had been held together by humility and obedience, was now dissected; it quickly disintegrated into its components: into the strong colour which in Cézanne's case was not merely decorative but heightened colour; it disintegrated into the simplified drawing which in Cézanne was not arbitrary; and into the new, or seemingly new, approach to perspective—which led to poster, children's art, and Dada. Cézanne became so influential and in so many ways because he applied the traditional Greek method to the direct representation of nature. By doing this Cézanne both fulfilled the Greek heritage, and became an innovator of extraordinary and bewildering influence.—*Third Programme*





## Deities of Wood and Water

ROY MELDRUM on rowing as a sport

**T**HE longer I coach, the more I am convinced that a crew to be fast must not offend the deities imprisoned in wood and water. What I mean by 'deities imprisoned' is very much what the Greeks meant when they peopled their landscapes with naiads and dryads. The Greeks had a way, whenever beauty was in danger, of turning her into some convenient natural object, such as a stream or a tree, and thereafter that object was infused with beauty and had to be treated with deference. So it is with rowing. If a crew treats wood and water with the respect supposedly paid to anything more or less human, it will find them very definitely on its side. In fact, it is not too much to say that they will win races for it.

Take the wood: a racing eight or light ship is a long, tenuous structure, with the thinnest of skins and very sensitive to shocks. Her load may be anything up to three-quarters of a ton, live-carcase weight—the crew which met Harvard this year was well over half a ton, excluding the cox; Harvard was heavier still—and the muscular strains and stresses such an active load exerts are immense. All the same, they can be exerted in such a way as to let the boat run her own course, and in her own way, and without the least suspicion of fret or jar. If you ever happen to be on a river bank when eights are practising and you notice a boat running as smoothly as if it were self-propelled and drawing the crew along without effort, you will know that it has unusual pace. Such a boat is continuously stealing inches for its crew; as if there were some understanding between them. And when you consider that in the 1951 European Championships the British eight won by two metres over a 2,000-metre course, you may judge that these inches can be important things.

It is the same with the water; an element easily antagonised and yet one that with patience can be coaxed into being a very powerful ally. Strike it a vicious blow with a twelve-foot oar, and it will fly in all directions, giving the oar-blade no solid purchase whatever. But if the blade can slip into it unobtrusively, if it is the water itself that seems

to take the blade from its flight through the air into a quiet, still grip, then you will be spared a good deal of effort every single stroke; and in a hard race the crew wins which is not too tired to use its brains after half way. For this sensitive use of the blade the oarsman, even when he is at full stretch, must have a wrist as lightly poised as a heron's neck; but whereas the heron is standing on firm ground, the oarsman has under him—or should have—a moving slide, and under the slide is a moving boat; and a racing craft can be most amazingly unstable.

How, then, does the skilful oarsman propitiate the deities imprisoned in wood and water? How is it that a crew equal in weight to a fair-sized bull can be just as nimble on its feet? How is it that eight powerful men can move with such balance that they let the boat glide along without a tremor and the water take a sure and instantaneous grip upon their blades? The answer is simple—at least, on paper: it is all a matter of timing—the timing by each of the eight oarsmen of a complex cycle of muscular movements, and, more than that, the synchronising of the same cycle of movements by the whole crew as a whole. I must stress that idea of synchronisation and identity of movement. Perhaps rather cold, unattractive words, but it is they that make rowing, as a sport, unique. Success in most games, we know, depends on accurate timing of movement; but in no game or rather in no sport—for rowing is not a game; the dictionary will not let you either play or play at rowing—in no other sport, then, does success depend so entirely on the exact synchronisation and identity of movement of so many people in one given area. In a game of football a good team certainly works according to a plan, and co-ordinates general movements; but within the plan the individual player kicks the ball in his own time and in his own way. The eleven players do not and could not synchronise any one single movement. In rowing, however, the eight members of a crew, if they want pace, must make precisely the same movement in the same way at the same moment; all precisely the same muscular movement.



It is possible that a crew might reach this high degree of 'togetherness' by their own efforts unaided. It is possible, but most improbable; and in the comparatively short time they have for training, they certainly could not do it without someone to direct them; that is, without a coach. The word coach may suggest someone who shows you how a thing is done, gives you helpful advice, then leaves you to act on it, and then gives you more advice. So far that is true of the rowing coach, but there is more to it than that. As he is the only person who can see what all the members of a crew are doing in the boat at any moment, he has a position of very decisive power. If he sees that a member of a crew is not fitting in with the rest and no help makes him fit in, he has to fill the place with someone else. The oarsman in question may be quite effective in his own way but if that way is not, as seen by the coach, identical with that of the rest of the crew, he must go. To put it bluntly, although a coach may be guide and friend to his crew, he is really a dictator. He may be ready to consider suggestions—coaches are often quite reasonable men—but when it comes to decisions, his word has to be law. With him *ius est quod iussum est*.

### Caste Discipline—

So in this unique sport not only must we have complete synchronisation, that is, complete and exactly timed mass-movement, but in order to have it we must inevitably use compulsion. Mass-movement and compulsion have a somewhat authoritarian ring about them. I doubt whether the cheering banks from Putney to Mortlake ever imagine they are watching some secret form of caste discipline. Why should they? They come to see a thrilling struggle, and they often see it. But on reflection, when it is all over, should they have any misgivings about what they have seen and its underlying significance? This sort of question is often asked about rowing, and it is a question which I think requires an answer. I would like to put the relevant facts before you, and as far as I know them they are as follows.

Rowing has always been an exclusive sport. To begin with, you must have suitable water where you want it. Then you must have equipment, and that is expensive. A football and a piece of waste land, or a public common, can give healthy amusement and exercise to twenty-two people at small cost. To put the same number on a river you would need two eight-oared and one four-oared boat, three sets of oars, at the least a shed to house them in, and some sort of hard from which to launch them—all in all a capital outlay of considerable amount. So in the past rowing has had to wait on riches; and this is still the case today, although there are signs that owing to a more reasonable distribution of wealth a greater number of people can afford the capital outlay and so there are more rowing clubs. All the same, their total membership is very small compared with that of other sports, and for that there seems to be no remedy. There is also another reason why rowing is exclusive; and it may not be entirely a matter of economics. It is a sport that eats up time. For the amateur to be good enough to compete in a major race he, or she, must spend much more time on it than most men or women can afford. It is not a question of a day a week and the week-end; but of one or two hours every day in the week; and set against a background of an exacting daily routine of work, to many that is too great a tie. Even at the university you rarely find an oarsman distinguish himself at other sports; not because he is not capable of them—many good oarsmen have had promising careers in other sports at school. No, the reason is that if he is to reach a high standard he has to be on the river every afternoon of every term.

This leisured opportunity certainly looks like privilege; but if it is, it is not confined to rowing; it is inherent in all higher education for which there is less provision than ability warrants. What does apply to rowing is the fear that a sport which is allowed to usurp so much valuable time at any university must have behind it some sinister, ulterior purpose. The fear may express itself in different shapes; but it is probably one in essence—fear of social injustice. Some people might even say, 'If young men need exercise, let them plant and dig potatoes, or do some other hard and useful work in their spare time'. Others may not say but they may think that a sport of this kind is a subtle way of training men of the right type for positions of authority; men, that is, who can be trusted to conform to some particular code of social values. Certainly, in the past, many pillars of church and state have had distinguished rowing records; and today you find the same records allied to responsible business posts. Now it is possibly true that, in the past, rowing often went with a classical education, and idealistic schoolmasters may have thought that the discipline of rowing would produce

a kind of Platonic ruling caste, philosopher-kings as it were. If so, it was a dream as utopian as any in Plato himself. Certainly, rowing is a rigorous discipline; there is none more rigorous in any sport; it needs great endurance, concentration, and self-control on special occasions. It implies that men—again under special circumstances—are willing to pool their strength in a common purpose; and it should not be forgotten that nobody is forced to row against his will. But whatever it is, it is not some mysterious form of mental and moral processing. Personally, I have found rowing men just as free, independent, and gifted with initiative as any others; also just as lacking in these qualities. Like all sportsmen, perhaps owing to the emotional strains they undergo, they are a little prone to sentiment and to fall for prestige idols, but not, I think, more than all youth whom age plies with social flattery, whatever the arena or circle, athletic or intellectual. In practice, I find that if a man of promising physique has also a certain mental poise, he will do well on the river, and his mental poise will become greater by the experience of the physical poise essential to skilful oarsmanship. If, to begin with, he lacks mental poise, he may acquire some degree of physical poise, but it will have little effect on his mental maladjustment.

So, on the whole, I think the spectators from Putney to Mortlake can watch the annual struggle without misgiving; for though rowing needs leisure and leisure money, and so it may be suspect on grounds of privilege, in that respect it only illustrates the social and economic problem: it is not the problem itself. I have no doubt that it can be used for a particular social or political purpose—but so can any form of sport. All true ends must run the risk of being used as spurious means.

### —and Pleasure

I have used the word skill a good deal; I have also spoken of discipline; but there is one word I have not used: pleasure. Deliberately, for it is a good word to end with. In their several ways Maupassant and Renoir have given glimpses of the potential conviviality that may lie behind rowing. What takes place on the last day of any regatta after the racing, shows, if less artistically, that they were right in their impressions. But you may ask, in the act of rowing itself is there any real pleasure or is it all merely a stoic disregard of pain, compromised by an itchy hankering after success? I remember one day on the Cam two women with a straggle of children blocking the towpath, and as I threaded my way through them, one woman said to the other, 'Aren't they lovely?' She was not looking at her children; she was looking at a good Lady Margaret crew. And she added, 'They seem just to glide over the water'. She was right. They did—at that moment. What she felt was as truly an aesthetic pleasure as any given by ballet, concerto, or picture; and it is that pleasure, which she felt through her eyes, that a crew can feel from toe to finger-tip. True, there is nothing like sculling for the sheer joy of rhythm, winged and effortless; but oarsmen can also feel it, and when they do, they have the added pleasure of a complete understanding and a complete confidence in one another. Such understanding and such achievement, I would suggest, are by any standards no mean form of enjoyment. They have a lasting quality, beyond the thrills of more obvious successes.—*Third Programme*

The eleventh number of *The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 25s.) is the last to appear under the editorship of Mr. Leonard Russell, who has earned the gratitude of many readers over the past ten years for the pleasure afforded by these yearly miscellanies. The present volume is well up to standard, containing finely produced pictures and coloured plates on a variety of subjects, among them roses, sport, and the Household Brigade. The reading matter includes contributions from John Arlott, Roy Harrod, Naomi Lewis, Hugh Massingham, and Alison Utley. There is also a number of poems produced in facsimile from 'Sir Edward Marsh's Little Book'. The new editor will be Mr. John Hadfield. *The English and their Country* is the title of a small book published by Longmans for the British Council (price 5s.). The text is by Stephen Bone and the illustrations—sixteen full plates—are by Sir Muirhead Bone. From Heinemann comes the first of three volumes comprising *The Complete Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham* (price 12s. 6d.). Other publications include *New Hopes for a Changing World* by Bertrand Russell (Allen and Unwin, 9s. 6d.), based on the series of broadcast lectures, 'Living in an Atomic Age', which were recently broadcast and published in *THE LISTENER*; and the third edition of the illustrated booklet on the *B.B.C. Television Service: A Technical Description* (price 2s. 6d. from the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.), which includes a section on the new transmitting station at Holme Moss.



# General Election Broadcasts

## Dr. Charles Hill

I HAVE been so long away from this microphone that I think I'm a bit scared of the blessed thing—rather like the chap who meets an old flame again, the one he didn't marry. At first there's a kind of awkward silence, while their memories get busy, but no doubt it soon passes off.

May I begin by talking about some of the men who have made up the Government in the last few years. I'm not one of those chaps who hates everybody who disagrees with him, who must sling a brick at every opponent's head. In fact, I've a warm regard for some of them on the other side—as men. Mr. Attlee, quiet, well respected; Mr. Chuter Ede, gruff and humorous; Mr. George Tomlinson, the most human of men; and others.

Some of them do stupid things, of course. We all do, but when you're a Minister, it matters more. Mr. Shinwell, for example, goes to an important conference on small arms in Washington—has to rush off home to judge a beauty show in his constituency, and he tells the Americans this. Legs before arms, I suppose. But it does the country no good. And there's the booming Dr. Dalton, he's opened his mouth too wide, and not for the first time—but this time it causes unemployment even in his own constituency. Then there's Mr. Aneurin Bevan, on the back benches now. I admit it, I've a high regard for his cleverness and agility of mind. He's no ordinary chap. It was said of someone 'This man is dangerous: he means what he says'—and that's true of Nye Bevan. He's ambitious. Nothing wrong with that, but he's ambitious to be Prime Minister of this country and he's absolutely determined to get there. And, like it or not, he's well on the way to the top of his party. You remember he resigned—all honour to him for that. Everyone thought it was about the charges for teeth and spectacles, the 'sight and bite' Bill. But it was much bigger than that. He's against the Government's rearmament policy and he's said so. It will lead us to serious unemployment—he said that, and meant it. He's bitterly opposed to the moderates in his party, and to the trade-union side—a trade-union leader had a smack at him at Scarborough. There's a crack right down the socialist party, and they know it.

Of course, the socialists have tried to plaster over the cracks. They rather remind me of a husband and wife who row with each other from morning till night, except when the children are there. 'Not in front of the children'—and we are the children, according to them. The socialists are putting on a lovely show of cuddles and kisses for the duration of the election, but the real fact is that there are two factions fighting for control of the party—the Attleites and the Bevanites. There are two kinds of socialist candidate, Attleites and Bevanites. Which of the people are we being invited to vote for? I don't know.

A big issue divides the Attleites and the Bevanites. Mr. Attlee tells us that so big and strong are the armies of Russian communism that we've got to spend nearly £5,000,000,000 to strengthen ourselves in the next three years, and so to prevent war. We shall have to give up something to do it. Mr. Bevan doesn't like telling the people that. He wants to play the old socialist game of bribing your way into power with promises as powerful as pie-crust. So what does he say? 'Ah, my children, Russia isn't as strong as Mr. Attlee says it is. We needn't rearm

ourselves so much'. How the blazes does Bevan know how strong Russia is—unless Tito told him?

But Bevan is winning. He was top of the poll for the socialist executive at the Scarborough Conference, and the Minister of Defence was chucked out. Think of it—Shinwell too moderate for 'em! Yes, Bevan's waiting in the wings to step on the stage when this election is over. Able man, yes; strong man, yes; dangerous man, yes. The thought of Nye Bevan as Prime Minister of this country fairly turns the tummy over. As one wag has put it—'The end is Nye'. What's more, there's the real stuff of the dictator in that chap. The Tito of Tonypandy. What a thought! But it's a real live danger. And then no doubt we should see the Foots and the Mikardos and the Dribergs as his henchmen. Heaven help Britain and the genuine Labour movement if that lot get into power. And it may well happen if the socialists get in this time. That's a danger of another socialist government, and many socialists know it and fear it.

Many people were surprised that Mr. Attlee should have chosen to go to the country now. He knew, more than most, of the mess we are in, and of the troubles and shortages that lie ahead; of the cold we shall catch in the next few months if things stay as they are. It may well be that he guesses the outcome of this election, and that he's not sorry that he's running away from it. Some think he'll retire—it's an odd thought, that—Attlee taking the ermine, leaving Bevan to deal with the vermin. But I've a shrewd suspicion that he timed things to try and bring Mr. Bevan to heel. And then, on the last day of the conference, the tables were turned, Mr. Bevan top of the class. The class-war class.

A team can't do its stuff—whatever the stuff—with two captains, one trying to kick the other when the crowd isn't looking. Not in front of the children. No government is fit or safe to run the country at a time like this with some of its party out to strengthen Britain and others not. With a Government as divided as that, it's not surprising that the country's in a mess. Cost of living up steadily since 1946. No, it didn't start with the Korean war, or with a shortage of raw materials in the world, it's been going up steadily since they got under way. We've had crisis after crisis, and we look like entering on the worst—or so Mr. Gaitskell told us before the election started. As a nation, we're spending millions a year more than our income. Still the Government goes on merrily spending. Ahead, a winter of fuel cuts and load shedding—as they call it when they ruin the dinner in the oven. All this and Bevan too!

Abroad, any little country can put its fingers at its nose at us nowadays, and get away with it. They know that they'll only get a little type-written note of complaint. Stand up for your country, and it's warmongering; scuttle, and you're a sweet little peacemaker. No wonder British prestige has gone down.

In my last election broadcast, I had to say something rather rude to a certain literary gentleman, who told us about his lovely Christmas. Now, well, we've got more of those fanciful fables and fascinating fibs. The socialists know that it was Conservative and National Governments which introduced widows' and orphans' pensions, family allowances, supplementary old age pensions, milk and meals in schools—to quote but a few. Now they say the Conservatives would cut them. A guilty conscience is at work. They slashed the social services by letting the value of the pound slip down and down. The

first task of Mr. Churchill's Government will be to raise the value of money, and then look at the whole pensions scales, so as to do away with hardship. I suppose it's a human failing to pretend to see in others just those sins which you've committed yourself.

Housing they scarcely mention, and small wonder. They're convicted from their own mouths. Before the big rearmament drive began, they told us that they could manage only 200,000 houses. Today they tell us that they can still manage 200,000 houses. If they could manage them today with rearmament taking away so many men and so much material, it's obvious that they could have managed many more before rearmament began. And these are but a few examples of the fables of the Fabians, and the mud-slinging of the master planners.

I wondered what the Government was going to do the country on this time. Cost of living? Surely not. Housing? Hopeless. The economic crisis? Worse still. They don't even mention the economic crisis in their manifesto. Not in front of the children. That's pretty dishonest. The meat ration? Well, that went up, by dipping into the reserves for next winter. You know the line. Blow 'em out with beef and blind 'em to the blunders of bureaucracy.

Then they started the dirtiest lie that's ever been smeared across an election—it's no good mincing matters. The smear is that Mr. Churchill and his supporters are the warmongers, and they are the peacemakers. Is the world so much more peaceful than when they took over in 1945? Can this Government claim the credit for bringing peace and prosperity to this old country of ours in the last six years? And how they love to sling mud at the greatest Englishman of his generation, Mr. Winston Churchill. We shall never forget those dark days, and Mr. Churchill's courage and leadership and greatness. Nor should we forget that when to strengthen our defences might have prevented the last world war, it was Mr. Churchill who saw the danger ahead and urged the Government to do even more—and it was the socialists who voted against more defences. Now they cry 'warmonger'.

Why do they do it? We know where they got the language from—from Stalin, for he has called Mr. Attlee a warmonger. Oh, it's part of the gutter language of communist abuse. They know that above all else you and I want peace for ourselves and our children. That's what they're playing on. If they can get away with this whopper, they can stick to their jobs. And what's the evidence? Is it because we've got to rearm? It's their policy, at least that of the Attleites. So they can't mean that. Some socialist high-ups are not using this smear—they're honest. But many candidates are openly using it—or whispering it. I heard it the other day: 'Vote for So-and-so and peace'. You see the cunning of it. His opponent, he hopes to suggest, is thirsting for blood, while he's an angel of peace. In fact, this one is one of the boys who has favoured collaboration between socialism and communism, who is against military alliance with America, yes, against the policy of his own blessed Government. He doesn't mention it now—not in front of the children.

Is it the Persian business, then? They know that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden have shown almost superhuman restraint when faced with the footling and fumbling of Mr. Herbert Morrison. So they say, it's those naughty back benchers who were so restless. Yes, once or twice they have been restless, while Mr. Morrison has



been expounding the Government's foreign policy—and small wonder. To hear Herbert Morrison speaking on world affairs with his usual Smart Alec stuff, was more than human beings could suffer in silence. When he was Leader of the House they admired his astuteness. But as Foreign Secretary: well, they've a suspicion that his knowledge of foreign affairs scarcely extends beyond the Isle of Wight. They've seen him fumble and wobble, bluff and bluster, trying to beat Moussadeq and Bevan at the same time and losing to both. The Tories would send a gunboat, they said. But they sent a cruiser, with a notice stuck on it: 'It's all right, we shan't use it'. 'Not wanted on the voyage'. The Tories would send troops, they said. But they were the ones who sent Commandos to Cyprus, and left them there playing solo. They threatened force and had their bluff called; they broke off negotiations at the time when the one hope was negotiation. They waited till all was lost, and only then went to the Security Council. And, as a result, this country has seen £500,000,000-worth of British property pinched under its very eyes, and the whole safety of the Middle East, and all that it means to us, in danger. And a gap for communism to rush in and fill. Talk about saving peace. That's the way to bring war nearer, if you like. I wonder what the Eighth Army boys who know this part of the world and its peoples think about it?

Let me finish with a personal word. For years I'd some doubts about the Conservative Party; I confess it. As a young man I held those pinkish views which, like chickenpox, are quite common in the young. I was always a firm believer in trade unionism and collective bargaining—I've spent nearly twenty years at it. At first I took for granted the link between socialism and trade unionism. Then I came to see that trade unionism would be much stronger if it stood on its own feet, quite distinct from any political party. For the rest, I thought on liberal lines: that a tolerant and human attitude was right; that human liberty and equal opportunity are the stuff of life. I still think that way, but no doubt I took in some of the propaganda that the Conservative Party were the big boys, anxious to protect their own.

But in the past eighteen months, as a member of the House of Commons, I've seen things for myself. The party has been liberalised; it's got a real belief in human welfare, in freedom, in full employment and in the social services, and it's a lie to pretend that they want to cut them down. And they believe in Britain and the Empire. I now know that much that's been said and written against the Conservatives is the moonshine of propaganda. As for big money—well, I've not seen their bank books, but my guess is there may be more money on the socialist side of the House of Commons than on the other side. There's at least one millionaire and lots of wealthy chaps. I'm blaming no one, but they're the facts, and it must make the older trade unionists squirm to see the well-breeched blokes who've got on the socialist band-wagon, who've done pretty well for themselves or had it from their dads, and yet still sing the song about fair shares for all. It doesn't ring true.

Near me, in the House of Commons, has been sitting a man whose mother was an office cleaner—started from nothing and built up his own business. In front of me has been sitting a man who joined the army as a private at the age of fifteen. Both are Conservatives. There are men and women there from all walks of life. Of course, there are men who have succeeded from nothing on both sides of the house, and good luck to 'em. But let's have less of this bedtime story that the socialists are the party of the oppressed and the Tories the oppressors.

This country needs a change of government,

goodness knows. We want the tonic of a new government—a Conservative Government. We want one in which, subject to a decent level below which no man shall be allowed to fall, men are free to work out their own lives, who are rewarded in proportion to what they do. We want to be one nation, working our way out of our troubles, and we need a Britain that isn't ashamed of being great. We need a fresh start, and we can begin on October 25.

—October 16

## Mr. Herbert Morrison

GOOD EVENING. I had been expecting that I might have to spend some time this evening replying to the radio speeches of our opponents. And, indeed, I have been through them carefully to see what I ought to say. You know what I found—nothing, nothing at all in the first three. As for Dr. Hill, well, everyone to his taste.

Persia and Egypt are in the news, and I want to start off with them tonight. These two countries take us straight to the point where foreign policy decides what's to be on your breakfast table, what you're going to wear, how you're going to live—if you're going to live. Behind Persia and Egypt there is one great question. Are you going to have peace or war?

The trouble in Persia started when the Persian Government pushed through a law for taking over the British oil industry in their country. We tried for a long time to get the Persians to talk sensibly about it, and when they refused we took the whole matter to the United Nations. The Tories have tried to turn all this into an election stunt. They've asked for what they call a strong policy, but whenever we ask them what they mean by a strong policy, they run away. When I asked Mr. Churchill in plain terms to say honestly whether he would have sent troops into Persia, he told me it wasn't the sort of question I ought to ask. But it is, you know. If we'd sent troops in, it might have meant war. That really was the issue. Do we have peace or do we have war? Only one thing would have justified the use of force in Persia: to save British lives. To send in troops for any other purpose would have led us into new dangers; the world would have seen us as the aggressor; the sins of the Persians would have been forgotten. Even our friends and allies would have been against us. And if fighting had started, who knows where it would have stopped?

That was the situation that confronted us. I say today that we did the right thing, because we saved the peace. The brave thing to do was the careful thing to do. We did it, and we stand by what we did.

Now for Egypt. The Egyptian Government has decided, without our agreement, to scrap the treaty it signed with Britain in 1936. They knew that any day we were sending them proposals for a new treaty. They chose to tear up the existing treaty, to demand that British troops should get out of the Canal Zone, and to proclaim their own rule over the Sudan. Now, we're perfectly ready to negotiate with Egypt. But Britain will not be dictated to. The Suez Canal is vital to us, to our sea-going trade, to the life of the Commonwealth, to the defence of the Middle East, to the safety of the whole free world. The Sudan is important for different reasons. We've given our pledge that the Sudanese people shall move forward to self-government under our guidance. We stand by that pledge. We cannot, and we will not, betray the people of the Sudan.

The defence of the whole Middle East is at stake. I've been working on this problem for some time. A few weeks ago, when I was in Washington and Ottawa, I was able to get the co-operation of the United States, France, and

Turkey. We all agreed on an imaginative defence plan in which Egypt was invited to take her place as an equal partner. This plan has strong backing in the Commonwealth, too. Unhappily, as you know, Egypt has turned down our invitation. Naturally, we shall consult our allies about the next step. But let me make it perfectly clear that in the meantime we stand on our rights. I have caused the Egyptian Government to be informed that they are responsible for the protection of British lives and property. By their action His Majesty's Government have now made it clear that if the Egyptian Government is unable or unwilling to do their duty in this respect, we will do it for them. But it is much better that they themselves maintain order. Still better would it be for the Egyptian Ministers to discuss the great co-operative scheme which we, the Americans, the French, and the Turks have together put to them for the defence of the Middle East. The rule of law and the ways of peace are far better than mob violence and anarchy.

We've got troops already in the Canal Zone. They're there with the backing of international law, with the support of all our friends and allies. They will stay there until we can negotiate a new agreement for the defence of the whole Middle East. But we shall not sell the future freedom of the Sudanese people for any defence agreement whatsoever.

I've spent some time on that, because you want to know the facts, and I've tried to give them to you in a fair and responsible manner. My complaint about the Tories is that they don't do that. Most of you heard Mr. Churchill, almost rubbing his hands at the microphone, because he had just heard that trouble was blowing up in Egypt. I've seen a considerable body of Conservative M.P.s in the House of Commons working themselves up into a state bordering on hysteria over Persia. That's the very kind of thing that does harm to Britain's standing in the world. And if the Tories will allow me to mention it, it does no good to their own standing in the country. The trouble with them is that their thinking is out of date. In his broadcast the other day, the Tory leader had a great deal to say about what he called the 'tormenting convulsions' of this terrible twentieth century. Well, it certainly does seem pretty bad sometimes, as I have every reason to know. But we shan't do any good by just moaning about its horrors. The only comfort Mr. Churchill could offer us was that 'the trees do not grow up to the sky'. In five or ten years, he said, 'all sorts of things may happen. A new breeze may blow upon this troubled globe'.

That's the attitude of Mr. Micawber: it's just waiting for something to turn up, and I'm afraid it's typical of the Conservative attitude to a good many of our problems. They're the nineteenth-century party, and they can't get used to the fact that the nineteenth century is as dead as a door-nail. But believe me, a nineteenth-century mind in a twentieth-century world is a dangerous thing. It's as if the old Duke of Wellington were to come alive today and find himself in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. He starts to cross the road, but it's all new and unfamiliar. He doesn't understand traffic lights; cars and taxis are appearing suddenly round every corner, and the buses are terrifying. In the end, the old Duke loses his head and his temper, draws his sword and strikes out at the bus conductor.

There really is something of that kind in the Tory mind. You can see it in their attitude to Persia and Egypt. Persia and Egypt are test cases. And they test something more than our good sense and level-headedness. They test our understanding of the causes of our troubles. In the old-fashioned history books, wars and revolutions seemed to happen suddenly between one



page and the next. But they didn't really come without causes, and they don't today. The difficulties and dangers of the twentieth century are not acts of fate, like a thunderstorm or an earthquake. They are the results of what your grandfathers and other people's grandfathers did in the past. If you forget that, you go badly wrong. For we can't cure the ills of the world if we don't understand them. What we do today, what the Government does in Persia and what you do on October 25, will decide the kind of world our children and our grandchildren are to live in, fifty years from now.

Let me give you an example: the cost of living. There's a lot of talk about it in this election. It is a breakfast-table problem and a dinner-table problem for everybody. It doesn't seem to be anything to do with foreign policy. But it is. It is part of the changing world. The tide has turned against all the manufacturing countries. The world in which we could buy cheap and sell dear has gone, for a long time to come; perhaps for good. The nineteenth-century mind doesn't know that. Lord Woolton longs for the days when meat traders come begging for custom. He won't face the fact that today they can sell all the meat they've got without moving a step. Our job in the twentieth century is to get out into the world and find the people who will produce the meat for tomorrow's tables. You've got to open up new cattle country. You've got to make it worth people's while to build the roads and railways, to carry the meat. That's what Maurice Webb is doing in his new agreement with Australia.

That's the fact, and you can't escape it. The world and its ways have changed. Britain's own position has changed too. Only the other day Mr. Churchill was rebuking our Prime Minister for forgetting that Britain emerged from the war 'honoured and respected after her most glorious victory for freedom'. And Mr. Churchill thought it 'instructive' that Mr. Attlee preferred to speak of the 'mess that was to be cleared up'. There's the nineteenth-century mind again. All Mr. Churchill can see is that we came out of the war covered with glory. And so indeed we did, but you can't live on glory. I remember very well going round during the blitz and seeing men and women working like heroes to save lives in the ruins of bombed and blazing houses. In the morning, as the dust settled and the flames died down, they were covered with glory too. The thing that mattered was that your wife and children were alive instead of lying trapped under the rubble. In the first light of dawn, as you put your hand on your child's shoulder, it seemed like a triumph. It was a triumph. But when you came back later in the day and saw a heap of rubble where once your house had stood, you didn't only see the triumph; you saw the disaster too.

Well, that was the position of Britain at the end of the war. We were rightly thankful for our deliverance. But later on we had to count the cost. And we found it very heavy indeed. Is there really anybody left who doesn't know that our country spent all its wealth and wore out its machinery in the brave and mighty effort that brought us glory? Glory to the ordinary folk of Britain, no less than to the great. Is there anybody left who doesn't know that Britain's first task in this second half of the twentieth century is truly to clear up the mess? How can Britain recover her full place in the world until all her fields and factories are using twentieth-century tools?

And now let's go back to foreign affairs. Persia and Egypt gave us a sharp reminder of the new problems of the new world we live in. Let's look at them again for a moment. What is happening in Persia and Egypt is happening all through the Middle East and Asia and Africa. People are

demanding the right to live their own lives in their own way. Everywhere they're in revolt against poverty. And the question we have to face is whether they get their new life with our help, as our friends, or whether they find us standing in their way and become our enemies. The Tories see any demand for self-government as an insult to themselves. Mr. Churchill thought he could settle the Indian problem by sending in 30,000 or 40,000 troops. The Conservative Party was ready all over again to repeat the mistakes it made in Ireland.

Labour understands this new world; we are part of it. We understand it even when it does things we don't like. We, too, have fought the battle against poverty. We, too, have fought for the right to live our own lives in our own way. We can treat the demands of Asia and Africa with understanding. That's why Mr. Attlee sent Lord Louis Mountbatten to India to help the Indians to find their own way to independence. And the result of that great act of statesmanship—the result of all our policy towards India, Pakistan, and Ceylon—has been to turn more than 400,000,000 unwilling subjects into 400,000,000 willing friends. We intend to make that friendship a basis for lasting co-operation between east and west. What will happen to our relations with our friends in Asia if Mr. Churchill is ever again allowed to speak to them for Britain? I dread to think of it.

I don't want to go too far on that point, but I do know how deeply the peoples of Asia feel about having to deal with people who were insulting them, despising them, patronising them, only a year or two ago. I hope myself that if the Tories were to come in, the Asiatic countries of the Commonwealth wouldn't do anything they might regret later on. Whatever happens, I shall do all I can to help to hold the Commonwealth together. But the safer way is to see that the Tories don't come in. The Commonwealth is playing a new role nowadays. It has become one of the great instruments of the new world order that's growing up all round us.

There's a story they used to tell when I was a boy, a story about Queen Victoria's reign, that shows how people's minds get into ruts. One night when a distinguished foreign visitor was going to the theatre, an official asked the Colonel of the Guards to put two men at the door of the theatre. Nobody gave it another thought, and for the next hundred years after, two soldiers went and stood guard night after night at the door of that theatre. The Tory mind is rather like that. It goes on and on doing as its grandfather did, and thinking as its grandfather thought. The wise man would rather think as his grandchildren will think. We should live in the world of today, with our eyes on the world of tomorrow. We have to work steadily for a world in which relations between nations have a set of rules and a referee, so that all disputes can be settled by discussion instead of by force. If you want an example, there's one under our noses today. We've been having a bit of a quarrel with Norway over fishing rights. It's being argued now, at the International Court of Justice, and we're both pledged in advance to accept the judgment of the Court. That's the civilised way. And sooner or later we've all got to get the habit of settling things round a table. We shan't always get our way, but it's better than going to war.

That has been Labour's policy ever since the end of the first world war. We were preaching collective security in the 'thirties. Nobody heeded us. But since 1945 we've been putting it into practice. Collective security is working today in Korea, under the United Nations. Ernest Bevin helped to build the first permanent system of collective security the world has ever had: the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Here you

have twelve countries—I hope it will be fourteen in a few weeks' time—getting together in times of peace to produce a working international defence force. And that's what it is, you know. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has nothing in common with the old-fashioned kind of alliance. So far, its main job has been defence. But it has the power to deal with other questions too. It's bread-and-butter matters that are the cause of war, and I have been trying hard in Washington and Ottawa to get everybody working faster on them.

My job, as I see it, has two parts. First—see where there is a danger of war, and stop it developing. Second—get at the seeds of future wars and see if we can't get rid of them. That means working together to get rid of poverty, hunger, and misery. The Labour Party has put a plan forward for doing just that. We call it the World Plan for Mutual Aid. We simply must get out of this miserable twilight world between peace and war. We can't wait for the Russians to come out of their sulks. We've got to push on with the job.

I see that Mr. Churchill has been harking back again to last year's election story about a meeting with the Russians on a high level. Now let me say this. You can't change Russian policy just by having a drink with Mr. Stalin. He's not that sort of bloke. Anyhow, Mr. Churchill had several high-level talks with Mr. Stalin during the war. And Mr. Stalin came away with his pockets stuffed with loot: thousands of miles of territory in Europe, more in Asia, and millions of poor devils handed over to subjection in Russia. I agree we've still got to do everything we can to reach an understanding with Russia. We live in the same world; we have to find ways of working together, though they make it very difficult for us sometimes. I made this quite clear in the very first interview I had with the Soviet Ambassador, when I took over the job of Foreign Secretary. I told him first of all that I expected he knew I had spent some time of my political life fighting communists in Britain, and keeping them out of the Labour Party. The Ambassador indicated politely that this had not escaped his attention. I went on to make it clear to him that if they will give me a chance to do real business, business for peace, for security, for the well-being of the world, between myself as Foreign Secretary and them as the Government of the Soviet Union, I shall be there, and ready to talk. 'Your way of life in your country', I said, 'is your business. But don't forget that our way of life in our country is our business'.

That's how I saw it when I talked to the Soviet Ambassador. That's how I see it now. At the same time we have to face facts. The Russians are ready to take risks with world peace. They nearly took us into war three years ago, over the Berlin blockade. Since then there has been the war in Korea. Our experience there has taught us one vital thing: if the democratic world meets aggression with strength, communism begins to watch its step. That's why we and our friends and allies have decided that defence must come first. The sooner we can be strong enough to make Russia think twice before she starts anything, the greater is the hope that one day the Soviet Government will remember my friendly words to their Ambassador. The day when we are strong enough will be the testing time—the testing time for whatever British Government is in power. When you vote, you will not be deciding whether we shall rearm, or how fast we shall rearm; that point is settled. What you will decide is what we are going to do with the arms when we've got them. Pretty soon now, the democracies will be strong enough to feel safe. It is then that we shall need all our steadiness, all our level-headedness, all our patience. Our policy must be neither appeasement nor hysteria, but



calm resolve to use our strength to keep the peace. On October 25, you men and women of Britain will decide. Which is it to be?

But your responsibility doesn't stop there. If Britain's to have the influence in world affairs that she can have, she has to keep and extend the new prestige she has acquired in these past few years. Yes—you heard me. That's what I said—prestige. Today we have new prestige, in a world that sees us with twentieth-century eyes. Britain's glory today is the steadiness of her workers of all classes, the live minds that come from her schools and universities, the skill of her scientists and technicians, the achievements of the men on her land, the beauty of her new towns that are taking the place of the nineteenth-century slums, the health of her people, the straight backs and the rosy cheeks of her children.

The challenge of this age demands a new kind of greatness—a new kind of courage. It can only come from those who are unafraid, young in ideas, steadfast in faith. Britain must demonstrate a purpose that will lead and transfigure the world. That purpose I give you tonight—that we devote our strength and our will to uplift all people everywhere. It is the brotherhood of man. It is the foundation of peace. It is the purpose of the Labour Party. We have the courage. Have you? Good night, and good luck to you all.

—October 17

## Mr. Frank Byers

GOOD EVENING. I don't know how you feel about this election, but listening to the other two parties I get the impression that we're getting nowhere rather quickly. We are not going to solve the critical problems which are facing this country if we keep on harping back to what happened in the past. Surely the main thing is to get down to the problems of today and to apply some common sense to them, instead of reviling one another about who started this and who did that.

A leading political doctor at the last election said: 'What a game this electioneering business is'. But, you know, politics is not a game and it shouldn't be treated as one. In a democracy it's the method by which we can mould and shape the sort of society in which we want to live. A week today the nation has to elect not merely a government but a parliament, and the decisions taken by that next House of Commons are going to affect every one of us.

Now I'm a Liberal, not a Conservative-Liberal or a National-Liberal or any other hyphenated type, but a member of the Liberal Party, a party which is independent and has no connection with anyone else trading under a similar name—not even with that one, solitary, National so-called Liberal. We Liberals consider that our outlook on life is a distinctive one, and we've no alliance with either of the other parties—Labour or Conservative. In the last election, when 2,750,000 people voted Liberal, we got only nine seats instead of the fifty-seven to which our numbers entitle us. So this time we're concentrating our resources, and we've every reason to think that we shall get more Members in.

I make no apology for suggesting to the fair-minded British electorate that the Liberals are entitled to more seats, and that in divisions where there is a Liberal candidate the voters should take that opportunity of putting another Liberal into the House of Commons. If the next Parliament were to consist entirely of Conservative and Labour Members, not only would it be unrepresentative of the nation, but it would have excluded people who can help to solve the problems just because they don't belong to one of the great party machines. Now that can't be

right. After all, Parliament is a forum—a forum in which all views ought to be expressed. One thing we can't afford in the next House of Commons is the bitter party strife which we had in the last Parliament. You remember what happened early this year—the harassing tactics; the wheeling in of members on stretchers; the slanging match. Now all that was stopped by the public condemnation of it by Liberals. It's vital that a strong third party should be there to put a stop to all this, and to compel the other parties to concentrate on the things that really matter. The problems are formidable. One thing is quite clear. The next Parliament just can't afford to spend any time on trivialities. We've got to get down to the job of getting out of this mess: if there are enough Liberals, we shall make that our first duty.

Some people think that the cost of living is the big issue at this election. Well, it is a big issue, but the biggest issue is how we're going to preserve peace in the world. I don't believe that war is inevitable, nor do I believe that anyone in his senses wants it. But you only achieve peace by working for it—not waiting for it. At the present time the free nations of the world are combining together within the United Nations to make themselves strong enough to stop possible aggressors from going to war. We hope in that way to oblige them to settle their disputes by peaceful means. That's right, but it's a negative policy. We don't want to look forward, for the whole of our lifetime, to spending millions on armaments instead of building up the standard of living of our people.

The real solution is to create a healthy respect for the United Nations and the Rule of Law. If you know your rights and exercise them, you can have a strong and firm foreign policy within the framework of international law. In the Persian dispute the British Government very rightly took the matter to the International Court. When that interim decision was given in our favour it was the Liberals in the House of Commons who suggested the right course and pleaded with the Foreign Secretary in July—July, mind—to send the matter then and there to the United Nations. He wouldn't do it. When it was far too late—ten weeks later—the Government did send it to the United Nations, but by that time our men were being chased out of Abadan. The tragedy is that there weren't enough Liberals in the House of Commons to insist on the right policy at the right time.

If you're not going to use force in settling international disputes, then you must use the United Nations to the full. You can't afford to be caught half-way between the two. The old idea that the great nations have only to move a few troops or gunboats to deal with difficult countries has simply got to be discarded in favour of the rule of law. Many people irresponsibly asked for assurances that we would stay in Abadan at all costs. How many of them realised that the landing of British troops there might well have brought into operation the Russian-Persian Treaty of 1921, and then Russia might have moved into Persia? In that way you would have risked a third world war or handed Persia over to communism. Our United Conservative and National Liberal doctor, the other night, asked what the lads of the Eighth Army thought about the way we were being pushed around in the Middle East. It so happens that I served with the Eighth Army. I think our answer would be: We don't like it, we don't like being pushed around at all. And if we're attacked, then we fight back. But we still think that fighting is the wrong way to settle disputes; and it's about time that the Egyptians realised that they have far more to gain by being reasonable. One thing is quite certain—there must be no disunity in Britain as far as Egypt is concerned.

But, you know, we've got to give up the idea

that international disputes only concern the two nations involved. A dispute in any part of the world is of concern to the whole United Nations and particularly to the free nations. It's not a question of whose finger is going to be on the trigger. The thing that really matters to you and to me is to keep the safety catch in position. Our duty is to exercise our rights through the United Nations, and if force is to be used, then let it be an international force. The free nations must stand together. Liberals will really work for peace in the next Parliament.

At home our problems are just as serious. Mind you, you might not think so when you hear some of the wild promises which are being made, particularly on housing. Just look at what we've got to achieve. A £4,700,000,000 rearmament drive. That's nearly £100 for every man, woman, and child in Britain. We need more power stations, more houses; we've got to preserve the social services. We need more exports to earn the currency to buy things from abroad. And, at the same time, we have to reduce the cost of living.

Can anyone pretend that there isn't a very real danger that we simply can't achieve all these things at the same time? It must be clear that heavy sacrifices are going to be called for. It's equally clear that when those sacrifices are demanded there must be an independent party in the House of Commons—one with a radical tradition and background, one which stands for the individual and not just for a section or a class of the community: in fact, a party which will see that these sacrifices are shared equitably and that those best able to bear them, do so.

Liberals have a great tradition of social justice. After all, we laid the foundations of the social security system—old-age pensions, national health insurance, protection of the trade unions. Those were good radical deeds, carried out in the teeth of opposition. But the real answer to our main problems is to produce more goods, more efficiently and more cheaply. We'll never get real efficiency until we get rid of this idea that there must be two sides to industry; and that one must inevitably be against the other. That's why we Liberals have for over twenty years been advocating profit sharing and co-ownership; our object is to establish a real partnership in industry of capital, management, and worker. The other parties are now paying lip-service to the idea, but to us it's nothing new. Just as the radicals of the past were determined to make social justice a reality, so we're determined to bring justice into industry.

But, of course, there are other things which have got to be done, and said. Private enterprise: let's recognise the fact that eighty per cent. of our industry—and that means our capacity to survive—is private enterprise. It's not a crime to be engaged in private enterprise. The point is whether or not it's working in the public interest. If it is, then let's stop hampering it with pettifogging restrictions and penal taxation which prevents the installation of new methods and new equipment. What we've got to tackle is that section which is working against the public interest and which makes high profits by exploiting the consumer. Monopolies have got to be broken and price rings made illegal. We've campaigned for years against monopolies. We think that it's morally wrong for any organisation to have such power that it can make gigantic profits by exploiting the consumer. What we've got to do is to create really healthy competition. Profits should be hard, not easy to get. But let's make it clear; it's no more wrong to make a reasonable profit than it is to save a bit of money out of a weekly wage. There's a good deal of talk now about an excess profits tax. The real answer is that there shouldn't be excess profits.

Then there's nationalisation: if we really are going to concentrate on the things that really



matter, then we mustn't nationalise any further industries. We've got enough problems without adding any more. But it's equally important that we should stop treating the nationalised industries as fair game for politicians. I don't mean that they shouldn't be under the control of Parliament, but we'll never get the best men running those industries if they're going to be regarded as a political shuttlecock.

Full employment: this is now regarded as agreed policy. It wasn't agreed, you know, when the revolutionary idea was put forward by Liberals in 1929. We have to thank Lloyd George, Keynes, and Beveridge for this—all of them great Liberals. But full employment isn't enough. What we need today is 'full productive employment'. We've no time at all for those people who think that a dose of unemployment would do the worker good. That's an immoral and evil attitude, and it's most offensive to every radical. The citizen has the right to full employment. But rights involve duties. We all have the duty to give a full week's work for a good wage, and if it's justice we're after, it must be both a good wage and good work. We have to give our people the chance to earn higher wages. But we mean earn them, not just get them. This may not be popular, but it ought to be said and the Liberals can say it.

The Liberal Party has a fine record of supporting the trade union movement. After all, we made the trade unions legal. But there are union rules which limit output; now we don't need Acts of Parliament to put this right, but we do ask the leaders of the trade-union movement to consider—if only for a trial period—the abandonment of any practice which holds up production. In return, we must give them the confidence that if things go wrong we shall not let them down. I believe that they'll respond.

Then there's equal pay for equal work. This will come; all parties are today talking about it. But we Liberals have advocated it for years, not just to get votes at election times. If it is equal work, then why not equal pay? That is justice.

Government expenditure: we hear a lot of talk about waste and extravagance by the Government. It's no use disguising the fact that there has been. But no one can suggest what should be cut. That's why we advocate a committee on national expenditure—a committee to scrutinise the plans for spending money before it's spent, instead of waiting for the Comptroller and Auditor-General to expose the waste a couple of years later. In the first world war this committee saved us millions of pounds, but of course governments don't like it. It exercises too much control on government spending. But it is our money, not theirs, and we have the right to see that it isn't wasted.

It's not merely in the industrial field that our future survival lies. There are great problems of personal liberty to be solved. We Liberals introduced the Liberty of the Subject Bill into the last Parliament. If there are more Liberals, we may be able to make it a reality. We care very deeply for the individual and we believe that he must be respected, not matter what his class, creed, or colour. And that's why it's been left to the Liberals in Parliament to champion the cause of those who suffer from the iniquitous colour bar.

The fact is that the problems are many and desperately serious. No one party has all the answers; we certainly haven't. A strong Liberal Party, however, in the next Parliament can put forward commonsense ideas that are going to help. We need a live Parliament—a Parliament in which every Member can make a full contribution to solving our problems: not just a lot of lobby-fodder asking one another as they come out of the division lobby, 'Any idea what that one was about, old boy?' No, Liberal Members are free Members. The power of the other two

party machines is far too great and the only way to offset this is to return more free Members.

We hear a lot of talk about the necessity for a strong government. Well, certainly the country needs a strong government, but in electing a strong government, you have to be careful that you don't elect a weak Parliament. You had a strong government in 1935—a Conservative one. But that Parliament was a weak one. The power of the party machine over the member was so great that not even Mr. Churchill could persuade sufficient Tories to help him to arrest the disastrous policy of Neville Chamberlain. You had a strong Labour Government in 1945, but their 200 majority was used to steam-roller through some very ill-considered laws.

Some eminent newspapers have recently come to the conclusion that the country needs a two-party system. This idea that minority opinion has no right to independent representation is very dangerous to democracy. Let's just ask these people to carry their argument a stage further. Do they want the United Nations to consist entirely of American and Russian representatives? No, of course they don't. It's only in Britain that they don't think minorities should be represented. Their main argument of course is that the Liberal Party has done its job. It's liberalised the other two parties, so now it ought to fade out. If the other two parties really have been liberalised, then why are they trying to cut one another's throats? That's not my idea of Liberalism. Liberalism to us means fair-mindedness, tolerance, a willingness to see the other fellow's point of view; the building up of unity, not of strife; of bringing people together—not setting them apart; in fact, something you can talk about in front of the children.

You will be told there's no unity in the Liberal Party; or, 'you never know what the Liberals are going to do'. Well, you do know what the other parties are going to do; they're going to oppose one another. Liberals will judge all these problems and their solutions on their merits. If they think a measure is right, they'll vote for it. If it's wrong, they'll vote against it, no matter who sponsors it. That surely is the right attitude. You know there have been occasions when the Tories and the socialists have been in the same Lobby against the Liberals. We're no less united than the other two. The Tories are split even on United Europe. Labour has the Bevanites. The reason we appear to have disunity from time to time is not on a difference of principle—on that we're agreed—but, you see, unlike the other parties, we don't come down like a ton of bricks on the Member who disagrees with us. He, or she, may be right. We're free Members and a free country needs such people.

I want to conclude with a quotation. This is it: 'What is the use of sending Members to the House of Commons who say just the popular things of the moment and merely endeavour to give satisfaction to the Government Whips by cheering loudly every ministerial platitude and by walking through the Lobbies oblivious of the criticisms they hear? People talk about our parliamentary institutions and parliamentary democracy, but if these are to survive, it will not be because constituencies return tame, docile, subservient Members and try to stamp out every form of independent judgment'. That is our case for more Liberals in the House of Commons. But the words are those of Mr. Churchill.—Goodnight.

—October 18

### Mr. Anthony Eden

GOOD EVENING. We are in the final stages of this General Election campaign. You know as well as I do that its outcome will shape our fortunes for some years to come. It will

determine what part Great Britain is to play in the world. It's a vital decision, and it's in your hands. But there's one issue which ought to be above party differences. That is the issue of peace. It's tragic that the universal longing for peace should be distorted and exploited. Peace isn't something exclusive to any political party or group. No one can monopolise peace. No one can copyright it. All of us can strive to achieve it. All must be ready to defend it. The Conservative Party believes that the policy Britain has to follow is the policy of peace through strength. When Conservatives state this simple theme, socialists accuse us of old-fashioned imperialism. Mr. Morrison speaks of us as a nineteenth-century party in a twentieth-century world. He tries to suggest that Britain's troubles are the fault of our grandfathers. Let's look for a moment at the facts.

It was through British diplomacy and the Royal Navy, the Pax Britannica, as it was called, that Britain provided security in the nineteenth century for her family and for her friends. She upheld the rule of law; and for a long time she did it almost single-handed. This is something to be proud of, not ashamed. Now, in the twentieth century, the obligation has been transferred to an organisation representing all the nations. The world rule of law is laid down in the Charter of the United Nations. It was my responsibility to lead the British delegation at the conference which drew up that Charter. We felt then, and I feel now, that one of the lessons of the period between the wars was that no international organisation can function effectively in the world as it is today unless it is backed by a measure of force. Everybody agreed about that at San Francisco. And so definite powers to use force were given to the Security Council. We went even further than this: we took care to leave a safeguard which today forms the basis of our chief instrument of collective security, the Atlantic Pact. That safeguard is the inherent right of individual and collective self-defence. I would remind you of this because of the mischievous attempts in this election campaign to pretend that to use force is always contrary to respect for the rule of law. Yet these two principles stand together in the United Nations Charter. They are the governing principles of peace through strength, which is our party's foreign policy.

Britain has been pushed around too much lately. That is bad for us; bad for our friends; and bad for peace. It's one thing to respect the ultimate authority of the United Nations. It's quite another to make it an excuse for our diplomatic failures. Re-armament is the core of all our efforts to translate collective security into reality. In this we are not alone. We share the effort jointly with our partners in the Commonwealth and with our friends in the United States and Europe. It's the Conservative Party which is united in support of the government's re-armament programme. It's the socialist party which is divided. Some socialists want more of it. Some of them want some of it. Some want none of it. If the socialists can't agree at home, how can they expect to exert influence abroad? It's characteristic of the socialists to claim that they alone supported collective security in the 'thirties. But the plain fact is that while they may have advocated collective action, they consistently voted against making it effective. In 1935 a Defence White Paper suggested some modest proposals for rearmament. Yet Mr. Attlee bitterly condemned them as a betrayal of the principle of collective security. The final example of this inconsistency came only four months before the outbreak of war when Mr. Attlee and his friends voted against conscription. Where should we all be now if they'd had their way then?

The Conservatives have never ruled out the



possibility of negotiation with the Soviet Union, but we've urged for years past the absolute necessity to negotiate from strength. We should test out every Soviet offer. But we will not be deterred by words that fall short of deeds. Remember, the Soviet has never disarmed. The dangerous gap between Soviet actual armed strength and the forces of the free world must be closed.

Don't be deceived by wicked suggestions that the socialists are making, that the Conservatives are exploiting Britain's troubles in the Middle East for political purposes. For it's on the record that during the past six years, throughout Mr. Bevin's term at the Foreign Office, the Conservative Party gave him consistent support on countless occasions. Mr. Morrison, our new Foreign Secretary, complains of what he calls the 'semi-hysterical' attitude of the Tories towards his policies. Well, he should understand the reason for this. We haven't got the same confidence in his conduct of affairs that we had in Mr. Bevin's. And we strongly dislike what seems to us a deliberate attempt by him to make party capital out of fair criticism. We are not dealing with a party's misfortunes. These are national misfortunes. Listening to Mr. Morrison one would have thought he'd just completed some brilliant feat of statesmanship in Persia, and had contrived against heavy odds to save the peace, which we Conservatives would have lost. One almost would have thought that he alone understood the working of the eastern mind and that he had foreseen all that was going to happen. If Mr. Morrison really thinks this, then he must surely be the only person in the world who has so bemused himself. The truth is that, from first to last, the Government's handling of this Persian business was calamitously misjudged. The proof of this lies in the Foreign Secretary's own insistence that there was no alternative between the total abandonment of our position at Abadan and war. That was never true. There was always a number of alternative courses, but the Government didn't pursue any single one of them. It fell between all the stools. It might have taken the issue to the Security Council much earlier, or when the Persians defied the Hague Court's injunction in our favour. Here was a possible course. But if that was the Government's decision, why defer it until evacuation was a fact and the Security Council's actions were bound to be weakened? Or, again, if the Government had made up its mind not to resist being forced out of Abadan, it should have persevered with negotiations. Instead of that, it broke off negotiations at least twice, without apparently having any alternative plans at all. The truth is, I am sure, that the socialists gambled throughout this business on the fall of Dr. Moussadeq. That didn't happen, with the result we all know. The lamentable outcome is that now Britain has to try to negotiate afresh from the weakest possible position. The Government's hawing and wavering have been exposed for all the world to see. We've lost the largest oil refinery in the world, and a dollar-earning asset which we cannot replace. Worst of all, we have endangered the defence position throughout the Middle East.

Of course, what happened in Persia has infected other lands. The events in Egypt today, as the French have rightly said, were the result of contagion from Persia. What is left to us as a legacy of this unhappy Persian chapter is hatred and derision throughout the Middle East. Yet how Britain continues to stand and to act there will affect the mutual interests of the Empire, of our European allies, and of the United States. These three unities meet at the Middle East cross-roads. It's been obvious for a long while that a joint endeavour is needed there. The lead should have been given by Britain. In no part of the world was her reputation so high

only a few years ago. Fortunately, still, our knowledge and experience of that area is unrivalled.

An important part of the art of diplomacy lies in anticipation. Must we always be taken by surprise? It didn't need any feat of imagination to understand the need for a new pattern of Middle East defence immediately after the war. Yet for fully three years, perhaps longer, there's been a vacuum in our Middle East policy. And that's not the first time I've said that: the vacuum must be filled with all speed. We support the proposals now made in agreement with the United States, France, and Turkey. But if Egypt persists in refusing them, we must stand on our clear rights in the existing Treaty which, as it happens, I negotiated as Foreign Secretary. Above all, we are in honour bound to uphold our pledge to the Sudan. Britain must live up again to her traditional role among the nations. And it's a very great one. The British genius has still much to offer; not least to the United States. It is to the British Commonwealth and the United States together that the free world looks for leadership. I, personally, felt this most strongly when I was in Canada and the United States recently. Through all the difficulties of the modern world we must pursue the search for peace and understanding. All nations are interdependent. I am convinced that each will gain more by association with others than by standing alone. Britain's foreign policy must be based on her unity with the Empire, with the United States, and with western Europe. The essence of our actions at home and abroad must be firmness and courage. That is what Britain is asking from her sons in Korea today. What we ask of them we cannot refuse to show ourselves.

There is a compelling need to revive confidence in Britain, in her government, and in her policies. That doesn't just concern foreign affairs. It affects intimately the lives of all of us here in Britain—in every way and at every turn. It affects our jobs, our bread and butter, and our pay packets. Even more it affects what those pay packets will buy. Our overseas trade has reached a crisis. We are not paying our way in the world. It's estimated that by the end of the year we shall have spent abroad about £450,000,000 more than we have earned. These figures are so large that it's difficult to grasp their significance. But what they mean in everyday terms is easy to see. It's that next year we shall again have difficulty in finding money with which to pay for the imports we must have, if we are to feed ourselves and keep our factories going. Today the rising cost of living is affecting us all in our homes. It's also affecting shopkeepers, farmers, and businesses of all kinds and of every size, from the smallest to the biggest. How can any business plan ahead when costs are going up all the time? Farmers are familiar with their annual review of farm prices. But they want to know how it can work properly if their costs go on rising between the date on which a price is fixed and when the money is paid? Where is the encouragement to save when the purchasing power of a national savings certificate, bought in 1946, can be seen to be less today, even with the interest, than when it was bought? How can the housewife make ends meet when her pound buys less and less almost every time she goes to the shops? How can the social services provide real security when even those pensioners who got the recent four-shillings increase are relatively worse off than they were five years ago?

In 1945, when the socialist government took office, the pound was worth 20s. Today it's worth only 14s. 6d. These aren't figures that the Conservatives have faked, they are figures provided by the Government itself. And anyway, who wants statistics to prove this sort of thing? We all know only too well that the pound simply

melts away these days. We are told from time to time that this is all due to rearmament and to the Korean war. But the truth is that the rise in the cost of living has been going on all the time since 1946. It has never dropped. If we go on like this, with a penny being lopped off the value of the pound every month, we shall be heading for a disaster of the greatest magnitude. Inflation today is the great enemy here at home. It threatens full employment. It threatens the social services. It threatens every wage, salary, and pension. We must halt inflation. We must restore the confidence of the world in Britain and our own confidence in ourselves.

How can this be done? I can say at once that we have no patent medicine, one spoonful of which will put everything right. The last political potion this country was forced to swallow was nationalisation; and I don't think we could stomach any more of that. Conservatives don't promise that things will get better very quickly. The road ahead will not be easy. There are no short cuts to prosperity. Rearmament must be paid for—we've hardly begun to do that yet. And our losses in the Middle East must be repaired. It's bound to take time to clear up so great a legacy of muddle. But the sooner we make a start, the better. What then must we do? In the first place, we must work harder and produce more. To do that we must create an entirely new atmosphere, in which it really is to the advantage of workers and employers to work harder and to produce more. Enterprise and skill must be encouraged and rewarded. A spirit of partnership must be developed between management and workers. The man who does a good day's work must find the result in his pay packet. The firm that ploughs back its profits into the business so as to renew plant and equipment must get relief from taxation. The small trader must have a fair deal. He is not getting one now. Controls must be limited to those really essential. They should be as simple as possible, and they should also be reduced as quickly as possible. Unnecessary restrictive practices must go. Nationalised industries as well as private monopolies must be brought within the power of review of a strengthened Monopolies Commission. Opportunity and incentive throughout the nation's economy—that's the way to get more goods and to get cheaper goods.

An industrial team went to America recently. It included managers, technicians, and trade unionists. And it has made an admirable report. It's one of many similar reports which, studied collectively, could do much to show us a way out of our present difficulties. Here's a passage from this report: 'The Government should endeavour to inspire anew the spirit of adventure in both management and worker, and to promote a real team spirit and provide tangible incentives for all to earn more, and produce more'. Now, that makes very good sense to me. But besides seeing that we can create this new atmosphere, we must also see that more efficient means are used to get our food and our raw materials. Britain will have to rely more than ever before on what she can grow herself. Idle acres must become fertile. A Conservative government will help to put a new wealth into the land. We shall preserve our system of guaranteed prices and assured markets. In this way we shall maintain the stability of our agriculture and see that there's a good standard of life for the farm workers. We need new marketing schemes, and the Conservatives will see that we get them, without any of the nonsense of nationalisation. But, however well we do at home, we can't grow enough for our own needs. Britain's economy—her very life—depends upon her remaining the heart and centre of the Commonwealth and Empire. We should defend our system of Imperial Preference. We should call an Empire economic conference,



to reach an agreed policy on trade and other economic matters. If Empire countries need long-term guarantees, we're ready to give them. But, in general, we think that it's better to encourage the private trader, rather than to rely on State buying. And that goes for materials as well as for food. It goes for timber. I have noticed, for instance, that the Government's own working party on the building industry has said that Government bulk-buying intensifies shortages.

Even the socialists won't be surprised at what I'm going to say now. We will stop all further nationalisation. They won't be surprised because they're running away from it themselves. At the General Election last year, the socialists said that they were going to nationalise a lot more industries—sugar, cement, insurance, and water were among them. There's no mention of any of these this time. What's happened to them? The truth is that the socialists have locked them away in the cupboard. But who has the key of this cupboard? Is it Mr. A. or is it Mr. B? The Conservatives would de-nationalise iron and steel. We would restore—and perhaps extend—the system of public supervision. We would allow private lorries to come back into the road transport business, on fair terms and without crippling restrictions.

These, then, are some of the ways—parts of the pattern—by which we would begin to put a brake on the rising cost of living; and at the same time make sure of full employment and give hope of a rise in the standard of living, instead of a rise in living costs. There are other ways, and one is very important. We would cut out waste and extravagance in government spending, wherever we found it. It's really no good socialist ministers coming to the microphone and telling you that there isn't any room for saving, and the Conservatives mean to cut subsidies or social services. Certainly the Conservatives don't mean anything of the sort. We mean what we say—waste and extravagance. And you don't have to go to Africa to find it. It isn't all eggs and groundnuts, any more than it's all beer and skittles. Over and over again, parliamentary and other committees have drawn attention in their reports to the waste of public money.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that out of each pound of taxes it's only on one half-crown that we can save. But don't let's forget how many half-crowns there are. There are 4,000,000,000 of them. I'm sure you can think of ways to save a few of them. We must save money, but it must be saved in the right way. The Conservatives would cherish—faithfully—the social services. And I would remind you that those social services rest solidly upon the work of more than half a century of Conservative and Liberal parliaments. But we'd make sure that the benefit of those services was really enjoyed by those who needed them most. In health, and in education, it's first things that must be done first, while the nation's resources are limited. We have to look after the children and the mothers, the old and the sick. Above all, more houses are needed. And the Conservatives would build more homes. We regard housing as the first of the social services. We do not conceal the fact that our target of 300,000 houses a year will take longer to reach than it would have done without rearmament. Indeed, some of you may remember that I said this when I spoke to you a year ago. But we pledge ourselves to give housing a priority, second only to national defence, and no home is safe without that.

Now let me give you my own views on the great divide that seems to me to dominate this General Election. Socialism only operates through nationalisation. Nationalisation is under a cloud. And so it is that this socialist government is at a loss. It believes only in socialism and yet it is

trying to operate an economy that is eighty per cent. free enterprise. The left wing of the socialist party is at least to this extent more logical. It believes it cannot succeed until it has nationalised everything. We know that a country such as ours, with its wide range of industry and variety of enterprise, couldn't possibly survive as one great State-controlled bureaucracy. We think enlightened free enterprise is the only way. If the country at this General Election feels that too, then surely we have to make a supreme endeavour—government, industry, management, and wage-earners alike—to secure the best results for the nation and for those engaged in industry. Many of you know that I've often spoken of a property-owning democracy. And by that I mean that we should directly encourage a wider spread of ownership among all sections of our people. Some have argued that wealth has been held in too few hands. If so, the answer is surely not to concentrate it in the clutches of the State but rather to increase it and distribute it more fairly. That's why we would encourage people to own their own houses, and to have a direct share in the industry in which they're working, whether by co-partnership schemes or other means. We don't want fewer capitalists, we want more. The ideal is that every worker should be a capitalist, and that every man should have a stake in the expansion and prosperity to which he has contributed. This conception is poles apart from socialism, and, for that matter, from communism too. Yet it's the only way to match political freedom with economic freedom, and to build a true democracy, which is based on the principles of joint interest and joint endeavour.

We in this country are proud and jealous of our freedoms; and rightly so, for they have been won for us slowly and defended for us faithfully across many centuries of troubled history. There's no mere party point here, for no one, except the communists and their satellites, would have us live otherwise than as a free people. Yet it's true that in these recent years of socialist rule, the State has tried more and more to encroach upon our personal freedom, to live our lives for us. It's taken on all manner of powers. This is a foolish, even a dangerous process. It's foolish, because it's based on the assumption that there's some vast central fund of wisdom that is not possessed outside the narrow confines of Whitehall and Westminster. Nothing could be more absurd than this assumption. It's a dangerous process because no matter how well meaning the original intention was, there's never been an all-powerful State that didn't become corrupt in time, and eventually the instrument of oppression. We intend to reverse this process of centralisation. We will reverse it by ensuring that the State takes no powers that aren't necessary to the business in hand, by reviving the vigour of local government, by letting the traders trade, and the builders build, by encouraging the growth of a property-owning democracy, by creating opportunity and, finally, by rewarding initiative and thrift.

One word more: General Elections are won not by good will and Gallup polls but by votes. We depend on your vote for your Conservative and Unionist candidate next Thursday. The ballot is secret and you may vote freely and without fear. We appeal to all men and women, because the Conservative Party stands for all the people. Give us now the right to serve you. Good night to you all.

October 19

### Mr. C. R. Attlee

GOOD EVENING. This is the last of the election broadcasts. You've heard speakers from the three parties putting forward their points of view. You will have heard conflicting statements, about the facts of the situation and you will have been

seeking to come to a right decision. I'm sure that everybody wishes to cast his vote, in the way which seems to him to be most beneficial to our country. It is my duty to try to put the facts as fairly as I can before you. I shall seek to tell you what has been the policy of the Labour Government and what it intends to do in the future. I shall deal first with home affairs, and later with our relations with other countries. In any election there are a great many things said and points raised which are not of very great importance. Personal attacks are made. Charges are levied and refuted. Abusive epithets are hurled. Scares are tried and stunts are started. They sometimes get into broadcast speeches, though happily these are usually kept on a more responsible note. I shall not spend much time on these minor issues, because the decision which you have to make is of grave importance to our country, and indeed to the world. The Prime Minister of a Government which has been responsible for conducting the affairs of a nation over six years must deal with the past as well as with the future. It is his duty to give an account of his stewardship. He has to say what has been done, and why. I shall therefore devote a little time to explaining the situation with which we had to deal when we took office. You will then be able to appreciate fairly what has been done.

Britain has a big population in a small island. She has learnt to live by importing food and raw materials from overseas, and she pays for them by the interest on investments and by exports. In the war we sold most of our investments and had to allow our export trade to fall away. During the war American lend-lease aid freed us from anxiety. When peace returned we were faced with the stark reality of the situation. Unless we could produce more and export more, we could not get the food and raw materials without which we could not live. The position could not be restored immediately; our American and Canadian friends recognised this and have helped us generously. But this aid would have been of no avail unless there had been a great effort from the British people.

In these conditions it was essential that the Government should guide and steer the efforts of the people into the right channels. It was equally important to see that the goods imported with such difficulty were used to the best advantage. We believed that the best advantage meant the advantage of all the people, not just of a section.

Six years have passed. Let us see the results of this policy. Industrial production has been raised year by year, so it is now half as high again as in pre-war days. Exports were seventy-five per cent. higher in 1950 than in 1938. What mischief it is to talk of Britain being enslaved. What nonsense to say that the enterprise and initiative of the British people are being stifled. It's unfair to employers and workers alike. The people on the land are producing one-third more than before the war. Agriculture has never been so prosperous. The health of the nation is better than ever before. People are living longer; many fewer babies are dying than ever before. Despite all the difficulties, the people as a whole are better fed and better clothed. Above all, there's been full employment throughout this period. These are just plain facts.

I've just returned from an extensive tour round a large part of the country and have seen thousands of people. The men, women, and children look very different from those I used to meet in pre-war days. Today we have the finest children in the world. I've had a letter from a docker's wife in Lancashire who says: 'In your broadcast, can't we have an ordinary housewife's opinion?' Well, here it is. This is what she wrote to me: 'You must jog people's

(continued on page 698)



# NEWS DIARY

October 17-23

## Wednesday, October 17

British troops in Suez Canal Zone reinforced by Parachute Brigade from Cyprus

Khwaja Nazimuddin resigns Governor-Generalship to succeed the late Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan as Prime Minister of Pakistan

Security Council again discusses oil dispute. Dr. Moussadeq attacks Anglo-Iranian Company

## Thursday, October 18

British military convoy fired on near Ismailia

U.S. State Department publishes text of statement made by American Ambassador in Moscow to Mr. Vyshinsky

## Friday, October 19

British Ambassador in Cairo hands Note to Egyptian Foreign Minister protesting against disorders in Suez Canal Zone

General Sir Brian Robertson, G.O.C. Middle East Land Forces, arrives in Egypt from Britain

Security Council decides by eight votes to one to postpone further consideration of Persian oil dispute until Hague court gives judgment

## Saturday, October 20

Egyptian Foreign Minister states that nothing will make Egypt 'deviate' from decision to abrogate Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. More British troops under orders for Middle East

A bulletin from Buckingham Palace announces that the King is making very satisfactory progress and is up for a few hours daily

Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Vancouver

## Sunday, October 21

Situation quietyens in Egypt. Normal railway communication between Cairo and Suez resumed

M. Plevin outlines Government policy in speech at Marseilles and denies intention to devalue franc

United Nations infantry near communist forward base in Korea. Agreement reached in principle on conditions for resuming cease-fire talks

## Monday, October 22

More British troops reach Suez Canal Zone  
Eleven British soldiers killed in Central Malaya

## Tuesday, October 23

Rail traffic to and from Suez Canal Zone stopped by British military authorities. More anti-British demonstrations in Cairo

General Secretary of N.U.R. supports wages claims before Railway Staff Tribunal



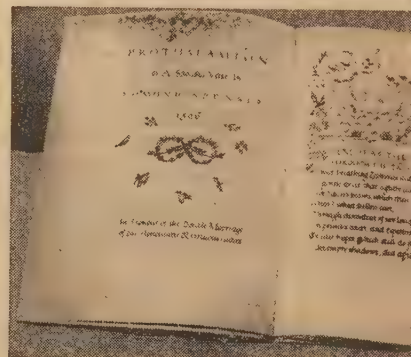
Dr. Moussadeq, Prime Minister of Persia (extreme left), listening to Mr. Warren Austin of the United States (extreme right) addressing the Security Council during its debate last week on the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. On October 19 it was decided to adjourn the debate pending a ruling by the International Court on the competence of the Security Council to deal with the matter. Sir Gladwyn Jebb of Great Britain is seen on Mr. Austin's right



Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh accepting from the wife of Chief Heavyshield an Indian suit for Princess Anne which she had made on behalf of the mothers of the five tribes of southern Alberta. The presentation was made when the royal couple visited an Indian village near Calgary, Alberta, on October 18



Princess Elizabeth alighting from a stage coach which was used by Edward VIII when he visited



A copy of Edmund Spenser's poem 'Prothallia' at the Exhibition on the art of calligraphy mounted in London by the Society of Scribes and Illuminators





Men of the Sixteenth Independent Parachute Brigade leaving Cyprus last week to reinforce British troops in the Suez Canal Zone after the disorders that followed Egypt's abrogation of the 1936 Treaty



The funeral procession of Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, who was assassinated in Rawalpindi on October 16, passing through the streets of Karachi on October 17. Earlier the body had lain in state on the verandah of the Prime Minister's house



'Clamping' potatoes for the winter on a Surrey farm. Although some of the crops have been infected with blight, the potato harvest this year is expected to be up to average



To mark the opening of United Nations week, a ceremony was held at Guildhall, London, on October 22. This photograph shows the Lord Mayor, Sir Denys Lowson, delivering his address. 'The United Nations Charter', he said, 'has been founded on the need for peace and security. It embraces the whole world. Let us make it a lasting reality'

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1860



Left: 'Three Cheers' (left) ridden by E. Mercer winning the Cesarewitch by a neck from 'Vidi Vici' at Newmarket on October 17



(continued from page 695)

memories a little. They forget and take the newly won joys for granted. I know what it is. You see I have gone through a lot. I was the daughter of a docker and knew what it was to go hungry. Now I am the wife of one and what a difference! We haven't got a lot, but enough. We aren't afraid that Daddy's on the corner. We know our family of three boys and three girls will have a chance'.

That is a working woman's experience. Let us call in another witness, no less than Lord Woolton. He said: 'In a world of plenty and in a period when England was amazingly wealthy, no less than one third of our children were suffering from malnutrition. I think of those 2,500,000 people whose labour we could not employ in time of peace, but whom we needed so badly in war'. That was Lord Woolton's view; and I agree with him.

You can judge for yourself whether I am right from your own observations. For my part, I found people cheerful, in good heart, and everywhere signs of great activity. This has not come about by chance. It never happened before. It comes of having a Government with the will as well as the power to make and carry out a plan. There has in fact been a great levelling up. Of course, to some people it's meant a levelling down. That is a necessary result of getting a more just distribution of wealth. I think that you will agree that these results of six years of Labour rule are satisfactory, but I'm not going to hide unpleasant facts.

The first of these is that we still have a difficult problem, in paying our way in overseas trade. We did reach the position, where we actually had a balance of trade, but the Korean war and rearmament in many countries worsened the position. One of its results was a great rise in prices all over the world. I know that the rise in prices troubles you. The housewife finds that her money buys less. I have every sympathy, because the same thing happened in our national housekeeping. The prices of the things we needed rose faster than the prices of what we had to sell. This was not due—as you've been told—to the Labour Government. It has nothing to do with alleged Government extravagance or nationalisation. For the prices in almost all other countries have risen more steeply than here. The cost of the goods and services provided by the nationalised industries has risen less than that of other goods. Thanks to bulk purchase, and the controls which the Tories seek to abolish, prices have risen less steeply and less quickly than elsewhere.

This world rise in prices, which has reduced the value of the franc and the dollar and other currencies more than that of the pound, is due to the pressure of demand on insufficient supply. In consultation with the United States and other countries, we're seeking to increase supplies and to get a fair allocation of scarce materials. But there are other causes of high prices. The activities of rings and combines hold the consumers to ransom. We're seeking to deal with these under the Monopolies Act. There is wasteful and inefficient marketing, which hurts the producer and consumer, as in the case of fruit and vegetables, and we shall seek power to set this right. But the major trouble can only be met by increased production. We've initiated many schemes for producing more food in overseas countries. Most of them are on their way to success, but you're only been told about a failure.

Next, there are still serious shortages. We've not enough coal and electric power. It would have been enough if we'd had the level of industrial activity with a million and a half unemployed, and if the distribution of wealth had been the same as before the war. It will take time to overcome this difficulty, which you will see is really the result of our success in

raising the standards of life and economic activity.

There is a shortage of houses. We're limited by available supplies and manpower. Unless we stop building schools and factories and doing other work which requires timber and steel, we cannot at present go beyond the 200,000 a year. Years of bad and insufficient housing can't be remedied quickly. Here again people rightly expect better things than, anyway, under a Conservative Government. I notice that the Tories' target of 300,000 houses, announced so triumphantly, has now, in Mr Eden's speech, receded into the far distance.

Well, I'm not seeking to minimise the difficulties with which this country is faced. I'm sure that we can overcome them if we continue to display the same qualities as hitherto. Hard work, enterprise, and full co-operation between Government, managements and workers, will be needed. It is vital that people should feel that they're getting a square deal. If, on the other hand, we return to the old, unregulated scramble and to reliance on private profit as the sole motive power for the industrial machine, we shall, I believe, be heading for disaster and for industrial strife.

Planning is necessary in the world of the twentieth century, and our domestic plans have to be fitted in to world planning. Co-operation with other countries, in economic as well as political matters, is necessary today. And this brings me naturally to a consideration of foreign affairs. Although Mr. Morrison dealt very fully with this subject, I cannot neglect it. Mr. Eden spoke to you at some length on this subject last night, as he is well qualified to do. He suggested that the Conservative Party had given full support to the Government in this sphere. Mr. Eden is honourably distinguished from some others by the responsible manner in which he deals with international affairs. He has been Foreign Secretary. I wonder how he, in that capacity, would have appreciated having a man of world-wide reputation, like Mr. Churchill, constantly telling the world that Britain was paralysed, ruined, and in far worse case than other countries; in fact, doing everything to weaken British influence. Yet that is just what Labour Foreign Secretaries have had to put up with, not only from Mr. Churchill but from a host of lesser imitators. I'm constantly meeting people from overseas who, having seen for themselves what has been done here, tell me how much they've been misled by travelling Tories and by a section of the press.

Mr. Eden agrees with the Government in giving full support to the United Nations. He, like the Labour Party, was a supporter of the League of Nations before the war. Indeed, he honourably resigned from the Chamberlain Government because of their refusal to live up to its principles. He recalls that I refused to support the White Paper on rearmament then, but omits to tell you that I specifically stated that the Labour Party would support rearmament in pursuance of a League of Nations policy. We voted against the Government because we believed they were not sincere in their support of the League. Unfortunately, as Mr. Eden discovered later, we were correct. We may therefore take it that there's no difference between us on support for the United Nations and for the Atlantic Treaty, which is designed to strengthen the defence against aggression. Mr. Eden supports also, I know, our action in sending troops to Korea in fulfilment of our duty to the United Nations, and our rearmament which is necessitated by the emergence in the world of armed aggression.

But he attacks us on our handling of the Persian situation. He charges us first of all with lack of foresight, yet no one knows better than himself that a Foreign Secretary is frequently confronted by the unexpected. We had every

reason to believe that we'd arrived at a just and lasting settlement with Mr. Razmara, the Persian Prime Minister. Could we have anticipated his murder? We sought to negotiate with his successor. When a deadlock was reached we took the case to the International Court and obtained an interim judgment. Mr. Eden and Lord Samuel say we should forthwith have taken the matter to the Security Council. But our American friends suggested that they should use their good offices through Mr. Harriman to bring about a settlement. What would have been said about us if we'd rejected this friendly offer?

It is, of course, always easy to criticise after the event, and it's still easier to claim that action should have been taken earlier. There is, for instance, action for building up an alliance in the Middle East. The proposal that was put to the Egyptian Government is designed to that end, but Mr. Eden knows as well as I do that such agreements are not reached in a matter of weeks, or even months. In international affairs it's so easy to criticise your own Government by ignoring the fact that action has to be co-ordinated with others whose views do not always coincide with your own.

But there are other voices than Mr. Eden's in the Tory party. There are people who are always calling for what they call 'strong action'. When challenged, they refuse to say what they mean by this. As the Government has shown in the case of Egypt, there's no hesitation in supporting our just rights. We're in Egypt by right under the Treaty of 1936 and we're standing firm. We've pledged our word to the Sudanese and we shall keep it. But where there are no such special conditions in a dispute with another country, we're bound by our adherence to the United Nations not to take the law into our own hands. There are, of course, always hot-heads who demand strong action, and talk about humiliation and loss of prestige. History shows many instances of this. I recall the Alabama arbitration when just such charges were made against the Liberal Government of the day. Yet the acceptance of an unpleasant arbitral award was far wiser than going to war.

What is required in foreign affairs is patience and a cool head. Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison have shown these qualities. In the long run, patience, and respect for the rule of law and the rights of others, earn respect. We shall, therefore, continue our support of the United Nations and seek to come to friendly terms with all peoples. It is to our regret that the non-co-operative attitude of Soviet Russia and her satellites should continue to divide the world. It is no fault of ours. We're ready whenever they wish it to discuss differences, but there must be a real will on their part to reach agreement.

There is another side to our work for peace. Wars arise where there are favourable conditions for the disturbers of the peace. Among these are unsatisfied nationalist aspirations and evil economic conditions. We have, by our action in welcoming as full members of the British Commonwealth, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, and by the continual extension of self-governing institutions in the Colonial Empire, sought to meet the natural desires of other peoples to gain the same freedom which we ourselves enjoyed. We have thereby shown good will which is far better than some imaginary prestige. We're also seeking in co-operation with other members of the Commonwealth, and with the United States, to raise the standards of life in the less developed parts of the world. Low standards give the Communist his opportunity. By our actions in Asia we've led the peoples towards freedom. Any attempt to assert the old imperialist ideas of domination would have led the peoples of Asia into communism and ultimate enslavement to the communist dictators.



Never, I think, in our history have our relations with our fellow members of the Commonwealth been so close, or consultation between Ministers been so frequent as in these post-war years. The British Commonwealth is a unique institution, wherein, with the minimum of interference in each other's concerns, like-minded peoples co-operate to the common good.

In these difficult and dangerous days Britain has a vital role to play. As a leading member of the Commonwealth, as a country with interests in every continent, she is well placed to increase mutual understanding between the peoples of Asia and Africa, and those who share the heritage of a European civilisation. Our people have a long experience and have shown on many occasions that they're not easily swayed by waves of emotion. The confidence in Britain which is, I believe, still very strong in the world, depends on the character of our people and the contribution which they have made and are making to civilisation. Not least of these is the example of courage and steadfastness which they've shown through these difficult years.

Let me try to set before you the issue of this election. It is this. We have during the last six years been engaged on a great adventure. We've been bringing about without violence a great revolution. We have set ourselves the task of organising the resources of the country on the basis of seeking to give every individual in the community the opportunity of developing to the full his or her capabilities. We've taken measures to see that everyone should be properly fed and clothed, should be safeguarded against the loss entailed by sickness, old age, accident, and unemployment. We've sought to secure leisure for all and to make available to all the beauties of our country. We have thrown open more widely than ever the door to education, and thereby the entry to the cultural inheritance of Britain. We've greatly reduced the inequalities of wealth and thereby narrowed the gap between classes. We've given to all the opportunity to work and thus serve not only themselves but the community. In order to bring this about we've imposed certain controls. We have converted parts of the industrial machine into services owned and operated in the interests of the community. Other parts remain the field of private enterprise but are brought into relationship with the general plan.

We've not been trying out doctrinaire theories, but have been taking the action appropriate to Britain in the twentieth century. I claim that we have today a greater degree of national well-being than ever before, and that this is a good country for more of its people than ever. The changes made have been far-reaching. Now these changes have necessarily meant that some of you are worse off than you were, and it is quite natural that you should feel aggrieved. You have been accustomed to a certain standard of life, and find it difficult to accept the new conditions which flow from a policy of fair shares. But the fact is that formerly there was gross injustice. There was a very large section of the British people who lived in circumstances quite unworthy of a great country. Increasingly this has troubled the consciences of better-off people. They were by no means all adherents to the socialist creed, but they sought to mitigate the evil they saw by individual action and by the promotion of social reform. In my lifetime I've seen numbers of men and women, whose individual position was bound to be worsened by a socialist policy, joining the Labour Party. They could not enjoy the good things of life while aware of the misery and suffering of millions, and they believed great changes in the social system to be necessary.

I know people who'd cheerfully accept a worsening of their own position and think the price well worth paying for the satisfaction of

seeing the vastly improved conditions of others. This accounts for the fact, which seems to trouble some people, that the Labour Party is not a class party. It is more representative of the whole country than the Conservative.

A few words in conclusion about the danger of last-minute scares and political stunts. You may be sure that if something is produced in the last stages of an election campaign with the object of stampeding the electors, it is not true. Any genuine argument would have been produced earlier. You've probably already seen through the trick of the cost-of-living graph. There is, however, one stunt which has been the subject of a whispering campaign by the other side. It is to the effect that after the election I shall resign and be replaced by Mr. Bevan, and that Mr. Bevan is a communist. Well, to begin with, I am not going to resign unless the people of the country reject my leadership, and I am in good health, as I think my election tour has shown. Secondly, Mr. Bevan is not a communist. Indeed, he bore a leading part in fighting the communists in South Wales. And thirdly, the choice of my successor, as leader of the Labour Party, rests with the Members in the House of Commons.

I am told that some people who do not like Mr. Bevan have been alarmed to learn that Mr. Bevan has headed the poll for the election of a part of the Executive Committee of the Labour Party. But Mr. Bevan's had that position for the past five years, and there's never been any question of his being Prime Minister, and throughout the whole time he's been a loyal colleague of mine.

The fact is that the Tories always want a bogey-man. It was the late Mr. Laski in 1945; it's Mr. Bevan today. In both instances the Tories played on the fact that some people were not acquainted with the democratic machinery of the Labour Party.

May I say finally that I hope when you've all made up your minds, you will do your citizen's duty and go to the polling booths and vote. The decision is yours. If you vote, you've done your best. If you don't, you're not entitled to grumble at the result. I ask all of you to record your votes next Thursday. You have both the right and the duty to do so. I ask you to vote for the Labour candidates, and to send Labour back with a good majority, so that the Labour Government may continue to serve the country and to promote the peace and happiness of mankind. Good night.

—October 20

## Television

### Lord Samuel

THERE IS A FEELING, widespread in the country, and not only in any one party, that the time has come when a change of government is necessary. This is because at home and abroad the present Government has failed to meet the needs of the nation. It has, indeed, done some great things in social reform, but instead of concentrating on social reform it has spoilt its own work by insisting upon socialism, and that is something different, that means the ownership and control by the state of our industry and trade.

How far this principle has already been pushed is seen by the actual transfer this year, into the hands of a Minister of the Crown, of our great steel industry; perhaps the most unsuitable of any for so dangerous an experiment. Further, the Government throughout has been guilty of a careless lavishness in spending the nation's money, which ordinary people, who have to be so careful in their own homes, will not forgive. Both these, extravagant spending and the policy of nationalisation, have been chief causes of the

disastrous fall in the value of the pound; and the fall in the value of money, of course, is the same thing as a general rise in prices. And that is the root of most of our present troubles. Wages rise, too, no doubt, but that is no compensation. It is no use for the worker to gain more pounds every week at the pay office if he loses as much, or more, day by day in shillings at the shops.

Another point. The socialists are much too ready to control and coerce the individual; to infringe his personal liberties, as well as to limit his freedom to produce and to sell. I introduced into the House of Lords, on behalf of the Liberal Party, a Bill to stop some at least of these abuses. It was called the Liberties of the Subject Bill. The Government opposed it and killed it by refusing to allow the House of Commons even



Lord Samuel as viewers saw him during his television election speech

so much as an opportunity to discuss it. But more important at the moment—much more important—are foreign affairs. Excellent as have been the intentions of the Government, here again their failures have been outstanding. Worst of all, the mishandling of the grave situation in Persia.

So there ought to be a change of Government. But, unfortunately, this election is not so simple. The country has to decide two things at once: it has to decide, first, whether the present Government is to go out, and it has to decide, second, who is to come in. As to this, many people feel much anxiety. What is likely to happen if the Conservative Party is installed in power, possibly for five years, with the great unchallengeable majority for which they are now asking? I share that anxiety myself. I came into public life mainly to help press forward the policy of social reform. The sorrows of mankind come not only from tyranny, and not only from war, but also from poverty, its hardships, its suppression of the lives of myriads of men and women, leaving them stunted.

Fifty or sixty years ago the Labour Party did not exist. The Liberal Party was the agent for progress. We framed and pressed forward the great measures for universal insurance against sickness, unemployment, old age pensions, care for the needy, for the children, and, later, the wide policy of full employment, which have made the history of the present century illustrious. The men who initiated these measures—Asquith, Lloyd George, Keynes, Beveridge—were all Liberals. Those of that band of pioneers who have lived on into this later generation rejoice in any actions that the present Government have been able to take which have helped to carry on that movement. But we have doubts about the Conservative Party. We doubt whether at the present time, any more than at any previous time, it is inspired by that zeal for progress—for social progress or for political progress—that passionate resolve that is needed to overcome the barriers, the stumbling-blocks that are always put in the way of reforms. It has been



well said that nothing great is ever achieved without enthusiasm. We see no signs of enthusiasm here.

We are anxious, too, about foreign and colonial affairs. We know that there are now, as there always have been, powerful elements in the Conservative Party that believe that the greatness of Britain is to be upheld by adventurous, headstrong policies, or else by mere stolid resistance to fundamental changes, rather than through policies inspired by foresight and persistence, coupled with caution and restraint and combined with an overall loyalty to the world community of nations.

If that, broadly speaking, is the situation at this election, is there any way in which the nation can change the present Government while safeguarding itself, as far as possible, against placing absolute power in the hands of the Conservative Party, leaving it uncontrolled to do, or not to do, whatever they choose—their only restraint coming from a defeated Opposition, itself handicapped by the burden of a socialism which the nation will not have?

I think that there is such a way, and the purpose of this broadcast is to submit it for your consideration. I believe that the best thing that could happen in this election, whether the people decide for a Conservative government or not, would be that a strong body of Liberal members should be sent to the House of Commons. You would ask what they would do there. In the first place, they could exercise a powerful influence on both the other parties; their weight would be thrown against the extremists on both sides; they would counter the pressure upon the Conservative leaders from the reactionary groups among the tory backbenchers. And, equally, the formidable pressure upon leaders of the Labour Party from Mr. Bevan and his uncompromising socialists. But, much more, the Liberal Members would seize the opportunity, month after month, year after year, to press forward their own policies of constructive Liberalism.

So, we should have a third party, gradually helping to fashion a central policy for the nation. We ought not to leave unbridged the present deep gulf between the Conservatives and the Socialists. The nation divided into nearly equal halves, and mainly by a sinister division between classes—that is a great weakness to the country and a great danger for its future. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the business of the voters at an election merely to choose one Prime Minister and government or another Prime Minister and government. That has never been the principle of the British Constitution. The people elect a House of Commons, and it is the House of Commons that decides what kind of government there shall be. Nor is it true, as is often stated, that the simple two-party system is normal in this country. In the parliaments that I have known during my lifetime more often than not there have been three parties in the House of Commons, sometimes four.

And if the Liberal Party has, as is urged, no right to continue to exist as a third party, what right, I would ask, had the Labour Party ever to come into existence as a third party? And though it is said that the two-party system is the only workable method for a democracy, we have just seen that it has brought this last Parliament to a deadlock, and might conceivably so bring the next Parliament to a deadlock. At best, this two-party swing to and fro is succeeding only in offering to the country election after election, a choice between tory governments which it doesn't want, and socialist governments which it doesn't want either.

What positive measures Liberals in the House of Commons would press forward it is quite impossible in so short a broadcast as this for me even to attempt to outline. I can only say

that next to the urgent needs for national defence they would press for first priority for a comprehensive policy for reducing price levels. The details of that policy have been carefully worked out. For the rest I must refer you to the Liberal election manifesto and to the addresses and speeches of Liberal candidates. It is not for the leaders of the Liberal Party to attempt to direct the course of Liberal voters in their constituencies. The idea which some people seem to entertain, that a word of command could go forth—Liberals, attention. Right turn. Quick march—and that the immediate consequence would be that two or three million votes would thereupon be added to the Conservative total—that is sheer delusion. Obviously, Liberals in the country will recognise their clear duty to take every step practicable to secure the return of all our Members who were in the last Parliament, and to add as many as possible in the new. Where there are no Liberal candidates genuinely independent, not tied to any other party, the citizen will exercise his own choice in the spirit of the jurymen, sworn to do justice, considering his verdict, communing with his own conscience. Democracy, indeed, is nothing but the jury, writ large. And the individual judgment of independent-minded citizens has ever been for centuries the strength of the British state.

Out of this election possibly there may emerge a House of Commons rather different from the ordinary, and perhaps better. But if, when the results are declared, it should be found that the Liberals had shown a surprising strength, that their numbers in Parliament had markedly increased, and that their poll in the divisions they contested showed a striking growth, then a great stimulus would have been given to Liberal ideas. And this would influence many other countries besides our own and help to shape world policies.

I am old—according to the calendar—but I still feel 'the rapture of the forward view'. I am concerned much more with what is to be than with what has been. We study the history of the past, but we make the history of the future

—October 15

## Mr. Anthony Eden

(interviewed by Mr. Leslie Mitchell)

**Mr. Mitchell:** I would just like to say first that, as an interviewer, and as what I hope you will believe to be an unbiased member of the electorate, I'm most grateful to Mr. Anthony Eden for inviting me to cross-question him on the present political issues. I would like, too, to feel that I am asking, as far as possible, those questions which you yourselves would like to ask in my place.

**Mr. Eden:** With your very considerable experience of foreign affairs, it's quite obvious that I should start by asking you something about the international situation today; or perhaps you would prefer to talk about home. Which shall it be?

**Mr. Eden:** Well, you know, during this election I've found that while the voters are preoccupied, naturally enough, with this international situation, and particularly with the Middle East—and their anxieties will be all the greater after this Egyptian news tonight—at the same time, there are some formidable domestic problems. I'm not sure that their real seriousness has yet been understood by the voters as a whole.

**Mitchell:** Really? That's interesting. Which are they?

**Eden:** I'll mention two in particular. There's first of all the cost of this rearmament programme. Now, that programme in itself isn't a matter of dispute between us and the Government. We're agreed about it. It's quite true that



Mr. Eden being interviewed by Mr. Mitchell

their followers are not. They're divided. Still, that's not my business for the moment tonight. There is the cost of this rearmament programme, which can only be met by increased exports to pay for the raw materials we'll need for it.

**Mitchell:** Is that going to be easy? Because it seems to me that the dollar situation is something again which we have to face; and isn't it true that at any moment now we're going to be faced with the repayment of a very large sum of money to America?

**Eden:** I don't know whether you saw the figures of the last quarter, so far as the gold and dollar reserves are concerned. We lost there—the Sterling Area lost, that's to say—something over \$600,000,000. All these figures are so gigantic that they're difficult to explain. But certainly it's the largest figure we've ever lost, even larger than in the period immediately before devaluation.

**Mitchell:** Well, in any case, it's a problem that's going to face any party, whoever gets into power. I was wondering how we're going to close the gap?

**Eden:** Really there are only two ways in the end: either by selling more goods to the dollar countries, or by taking less from them, which means less in food and less in raw materials. How, then, are we going to carry out the rearmament programme? I only say that to show how grim the background is.

**Mitchell:** I think one of the troubles is that these issues are very big indeed for the man in the street to understand.

**Eden:** That's true.

**Mitchell:** They're too big; the figures are astronomical; the distances are enormous. What really hits him is the rise in the cost of living. It hits him in the pocket, it hits him here and now. That's what interests him.

**Eden:** Of course, that's true. You know, there's another phrase I'd like to use instead of 'the rise in the cost of living', which, I think, really explains it even more clearly, and that's 'the fall in the purchasing power of money'. Now, you can put it in this way, that the pound, which would buy twenty shillings' worth when the socialists first came into office, will buy about fourteen and sixpence today.

**Mitchell:** There are, obviously, very many reasons for that, and it has been stated that one of the main reasons, or at least a very good reason for it, is the beginning of the war in Korea, and from then on.

**Eden:** I know that's been said, but I don't accept that as a full explanation; and indeed it isn't. The truth is that, ever since 1946, the cost of living has risen steadily at almost a continuous rate. I've been so impressed with this fact that I brought a graph along to show you descriptively how it looks, and you can see that, starting with 1946, and then on through 1947, 1948, 1949, the rate's exactly the same. And then you get 1950—that's the Korean war—and the



rate continues the same still, right through into 1951, where we are today.

**Mitchell:** And is it going to be very easy to stop? I mean, if the rise is continuing at that rate, Korea or no Korea, it's going to hit a lot of people very much harder than most of us. For instance, do you never get any questions from old age pensioners?

**Eden:** Indeed I do. I got a question the other day; not from an old age pensioner, but from a man who was living on a retirement pension; and he said, 'When I retired my pension was worth so much, now it's worth two thirds of what it was worth then. If the Conservatives are elected, will you increase my pension?'

**Mitchell:** Sensible chap!

**Eden:** Well, it was a direct question. I had to say no, finances won't allow it. But I did add that—what's much more important to you, the pensioner—is that we should do something towards checking the continuous fall in the purchasing power of money.

**Mitchell:** Yes, of course, that's very sensible, sir, but how can you stop the fall in the value of money, let alone get it rising again?

**Eden:** There's no easy answer to that, as you know. After all, it's not easy. But still, there are some things we can do, and though they won't be popular things, we've got to do them. Can I give you the little catalogue of them?

**Mitchell:** Yes, by all means, sir.

**Eden:** First of all we've got to reduce the level of government expenditure. Well, I know what we get always then. The Chancellor of the Exchequer says he's done all the reduction he possibly can; there's nothing more to do; no scope for administrative economy. Frankly, I don't believe it. And in proof of it I'll show you that he himself said the other night that he'd knocked £30,000,000 off last year's administrative costs. Well, I maintain that the new Conservative Chancellor will have to say to Mr. Gaitskell when he's on the Opposition benches: 'Anything you can do I can do better'. And then I'll tell you something else: I would much like to see a government start to freeze some of its own expenditure, instead of always urging everybody else to freeze their own. At any rate, it's got to be done, and cuts there will be, must be—we'll do it somehow.

**Mitchell:** Are you going to involve nationalisation?

**Eden:** Yes, we've got a decision there. There'll be no further nationalisation, and the iron and steel industry will be set free; and so will the road hauliers, within the limits we've explained in our manifesto.

**Mitchell:** I see. On the question of manifestos, sir, it seems to me—I may be wrong—but the socialists haven't even mentioned further nationalisation in their manifesto.

**Eden:** No, you're right: they haven't. But still, they've said in their speeches that they'd hold themselves free to nationalise if they wanted to. I think the truth is about that nationalisation's not popular, and it's been put in the cupboard for the time being. But who can tell you who's going to have the key of that cupboard after the election? Whether it's Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevan—I wouldn't know.

**Mitchell:** All right. Then, what about bulk buying? Are you in favour of that?

**Eden:** Well, we'd like to see some free enterprise come into that field. I really think it's time it did. You know, this government buying hasn't all been a tremendous success; you remember the Argentine meat story; how we were told, oh, we mustn't pay—what was it—£120 a ton for the meat. And then the weeks went by and we paid £128 12s. a ton. In truth, I'm not at all happy about the whole relationship between the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Agriculture.

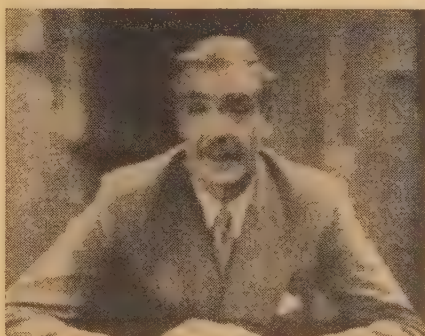
**Mitchell:** In what way, sir?

**Eden:** I don't think they're co-ordinated; I don't think they work together. What I'd like to see is somebody fathering these two departments closely, somebody who has had experience of these things, and, really, I can't think of anybody who'd do it as well as Lord Woolton would. What do you say to that one?

**Mitchell:** I say nothing, sir; but I would ask you, is that all?

**Eden:** No, it's not all. There is this which I think it's fair to add; supposing that the election resulted in the return of a Conservative government, with an effective working majority, closely knit under Mr. Churchill's leadership, and with a definite constructive policy, I believe there'd be an upsurge of confidence throughout the world in this old country of ours. That's what I believe, anyway.

**Mitchell:** Well, that's a very sound belief, sir. May we perhaps turn to the foreign scene for a moment, the Persian story?



Mr. Eden facing the television camera

**Eden:** Yes, indeed.

**Mitchell:** It has been stated, I think perhaps with some truth, that there was no possibility of interfering with the situation other than in the way it was handled; there's no alternative between abandoning Abadan and war.

**Eden:** No, I don't accept that at all. There were any number of alternatives actually.

**Mitchell:** What were they?

**Eden:** I'll give you one. Supposing the Government had made up its mind to go to the Security Council, which it eventually did, surely the right time to do that was much earlier?

**Mitchell:** When, for instance?

**Eden:** Well, say after the Persians had rejected the findings of the Hague Court. That would have been a good time to go if it was your decision to go.

**Mitchell:** Of course, Mr. Dalton, I believe, did admit that it could have been handled earlier, but was there any other course?

**Eden:** Yes, there was. If the Government had made up their minds that they weren't going to resist eviction by force, by the Persians from Abadan, then I think they should have persevered with negotiation. At least twice they broke off negotiations: The second time, you remember, was when that unorthodox and unofficial approach was made by the Persian Minister of Court. Well, I should have thought if they'd made up their minds not to resist, then they ought to have tried, with the Americans, to have built a negotiation on that last move.

**Mitchell:** That sounds quite a simple solution, but, if it's as simple as that, why on earth was any of these plans not carried out?

**Eden:** I don't know. You must ask the Government that; I can't answer it. But my own belief is that they gambled all through on the fall of Moussadeq's Government. And if they did, that it was a very dangerous gamble, and it didn't

come off. And now you're seeing the result, not only in Persia, but in Egypt, because what's happening in Egypt is what our French friends called, and quite rightly, a reflection of what's occurred already in Persia.

**Mitchell:** Certainly the news from Egypt must affect us all—we must be upset by that. But if I may return to Persia again, sir—I know this is a selfish argument, but I don't think that's going to hit us all very immediately, or perhaps even at all, in the household. Isn't that true?

**Eden:** No, it's not true. It is going to affect you all. It's bound to. You see, we've got to replace this oil from somewhere, and we can only replace it from a dollar area; and it's costing us at the moment, I should think, about \$350,000,000 a year. Well, that means so much less you can buy from the dollar countries of the food and raw materials you need. And that's not all. You know, Mr. Bevin was right when he said many years ago that these British interests in the Middle East do affect the wage packets of the British worker, and there's really no escape from it.

**Mitchell:** Yes. Well, what would you do now, sir?

**Eden:** What would I do now? I must say that's a pretty difficult one, having got to this point. I think, on the whole—in fact, I'm sure—that having gone to the Security Council, I'd see that through. Because, after all, the Security Council have an obligation, as I see it, whether they'd accept it or not, to support the findings of the Hague Court; but frankly I'm not optimistic as to what we get out of it; can't be.

**Mitchell:** That's rather a depressing note, sir. I wonder whether I may introduce a question which I'm sure will infuriate you, but since I'm here, presumably, for that reason... It has often been said in recent times that the Conservative Party is a war-mongering party. Is there a shred of truth in that, or isn't there?

**Eden:** I must say, I do resent that question. I could resent it very much. But I can't believe that, you know, the ordinary socialist leaders really believe it themselves. Anyhow, anybody who makes such an insinuation is making a very unworthy one, in my view. Because there's nobody in this country who doesn't want peace: may I add, especially those who've seen war at first-hand.

**Mitchell:** No, indeed.

**Eden:** The last thing we want is any more of it. But of course you can argue about how to keep the peace, can't you?

**Mitchell:** Yes, one can. One final question which perhaps I've overlooked and should have mentioned before. There is, I think, a certain number of people who are of opinion in this country that the Conservative Party is strictly for the well-to-do.

**Eden:** That's rather old-fashioned stuff, isn't it? After all, how many votes did we get at the last election? I think 12,000,000—something like that. They certainly weren't all the well-to-do. And it was, in fact, of course a Conservative Chancellor in the war years who, with a Conservative majority, taxed the rich more heavily than they've ever been taxed before. And so—no, that's not true. But it is true that we do not believe in concentrating all the wealth and power of this country in the hands of the state. What we want to see is what I've called a property-owning democracy. And that means trying steadily to increase the national wealth, and seeing that those who create it, the wage-earners in industry, get an increasing share of that increase. That's what we want to see; and also we want to help people own their houses. We want to help people to have a more direct share, whether by profit-sharing or any other means, in the earnings of their factory. All that, we do believe in; which, of course, is completely the antithesis of socialism, I admit.



**Mitchell:** Certainly you've made the policy very clear, sir. May I say thank you very much indeed for letting me question you? I do know that you want to sum up your over-all policy. May I ask, though, what your policy would be should you return to power? Would it be based on the United Nations?

**Eden:** Yes, emphatically it would. You see, it so happened that I had to lead the delegation to San Francisco which drew up the Charter of the United Nations. So it will be based on that, and also on the Atlantic Pact which, though we never signed it ourselves, the Government signed. We've always upheld it; and we think they were right in what they did.

But there are one or two things I'd like to say to you all about this international situation. First of all, I'm not a defeatist. I'm convinced that peace can be preserved. But there are three things we've got to work for. First, we've got to hold, and if we can increase, the unity of the Commonwealth family. That's the most important single factor to preserve in our mind. It's not only a matter of trade, important as that is, but it is a fact that the Commonwealth and Empire is the only really successful experiment in international affairs there's ever been. And let me add, we are today the only socialist government in that Commonwealth. Wouldn't it be rather good if we could get into line with them on that?

And then the second task we've got to work for is the closest and most intimate understanding with the United States of America. And, please, that doesn't mean playing second fiddle to the United States. There's no need at all to do that. We had plenty of arguments with the Americans during the war, you can be sure of that. And Americans like arguing; why, only two months ago when I was in the States, we were continually discussing every kind of topic, and I often found myself even defending the Government here at home—which is something I never expected to do—and they didn't seem particularly surprised, they took it all right. So, as much argument as you like with the Americans, but with determination that you will agree in the end. Because if we are not at one, we and the Americans, who can guarantee peace?

Then the third unity is across the Channel with our neighbours in Europe, with the free countries in Europe. Now if you can build up these three unities into a closely knit understanding, and if on that you can build again a constructive foreign policy, I believe you will be in a position to negotiate with the nations behind the Iron Curtain as you build up your strength. Personally, I've never despaired, and I certainly don't despair now, of reaching an agreement with Soviet Russia. It so happens I was the first British Minister ever to go over to Moscow after the Soviet revolution. I don't despair, but I'm sure you will not succeed as things are now except on a basis of strength.

Now there you are, there's a programme, there's a scheme for which we can work. And I haven't the least doubt that Mr. Churchill would endorse every single word of what I've said. Let me try and sum up my message to you. It's a message which calls, I admit, for a united effort by a united nation, once the election is over. The message would be, I think, in this one sentence: Opportunity and incentive at home; peace and stability abroad. Good night to you all.

—October 16

### Mr. Christopher Mayhew and Sir Hartley Shawcross

**Mr. Mayhew:** In 'International Commentary' I do my very best to keep party politics right out. But I've always been glad when

staunch Conservative viewers have written to me to say that they appreciated this and enjoyed the programmes. But now tonight—I give you fair warning—tonight is different, and Sir Hartley Shawcross and I are going to put a case for the Labour Party, to which we've belonged for thirty-three and seventeen years respectively, and for which we feel, both of us, a great loyalty and affection. Now, of course, we don't know your politics; but we've decided to assume that you're not normally one of our supporters. Perhaps you read regularly the *Express* or the *Telegraph*, or the *Mail* or the *Graphic*; if you do, I expect you're a bit suspicious already of the kind of thing they say about the Labour Party. But, all the same, in spite of yourselves, maybe you've got some wrong ideas about us, and Sir Hartley Shawcross and I want to try to remove some of them. To begin with, for instance, you may be wondering how it happens that someone so well



Mr. Mayhew being televised

dressed, well educated, and well off as Sir Hartley Shawcross comes to be in the Labour Party. What's your answer to that, Hartley?

**Sir Hartley Shawcross:** Well, my answer, Chris, is, why on earth shouldn't I be? It may be unusual to find a working man in the Tory party, but there are tens of thousands of people like me in the Labour Party. You see, I came of an old Liberal family with a long radical tradition, and I was brought up in a London suburb, and I saw something of the two worlds which existed then—poverty, destitution, ill health, in the midst of riches and plenty. Mr. Churchill said the other day that the Labour Party was stirring up hatred between the classes. That's utterly untrue. I hope this doesn't sound priggish, but, you know, we didn't join the Labour Party because we hated our fellow men; we joined it because we loved them, and thought it was about time something was done about it, something to wipe out the grosser inequalities of opportunity and of wealth, which existed at that time; something to promote real social justice and real liberty. That was in the true Liberal tradition, but we weren't achieving it. If any party is a class party it's really the Tory party. They haven't changed a great deal since Mr. Churchill said of them that they were the party of the rich against the poor. I don't say that with any bitterness or vindictiveness. I've no reason to feel bitter, and I've no use for people who do. But whenever we've introduced measures which have borne more heavily upon the rich than the poor, they have been bitterly opposed. Things like steeply graded surtax on the more wealthy people; profits tax, even dividend limitation during the rearmament period—all those have been opposed.

And then, everybody knows their attitude towards the social services. I can't feel that these things would be safe if the Tories got back. I mean things like full employment, certainly, and

the Health Service—they voted against that every time they had a chance; social insurances, family allowances, the food subsidies—how can these things be safe if the Tories get into power, when they've attacked them all the time? And these things are important. I suppose the most important thing now is the cost of living, at any rate on the home front. Now, Chris, give us some of the facts about this.

**Mayhew:** Well, I'll start with the Conservative attack on the Government. And I've got here an exact copy of the official Conservative chart on the cost of living, issued by the Conservative Central Office. I wanted to get the chart that Mr. Eden showed us last night in his broadcast, but the Conservative Central Office wouldn't let me have a look at it. But, as far as I can see, it was identical with this, except for these captions. This chart, which is based on the excellent index numbers of the London and Cambridge Economic Service, tries to show three things. First, the spectacular, terrifying rise in the cost of living; second, the fact that the Korean war outbreak here could not have been responsible, because it took place after the main rise, and, third, that Labour's policies of devaluation, nationalisation, and so on, were responsible. Now, this chart, and the chart presented to us in perfectly good faith by Mr. Eden last night, these charts have been deliberately faked by the Conservative Central Office. Let me try and show you how. To begin with, the steepness of the rise of the graph: this doesn't come from the figures of the London and Cambridge Economic Service at all; it's attained simply by squeezing together the top and bottom of the graph and lengthening out the sides. To show what I mean I've taken exactly the same figures and I've faked a graph in the opposite direction. This will show you exactly what it looks like. Now, those are the same figures, and all I've done is, I've put too much space between the years at the top instead of too little, and too little space down the sides instead of too much. I've used exactly the same degree of dishonesty as the Conservative Central Office. It was difficult, but rather fun.

And here's a third graph, here is an honest man's chart. I won't swear that it's 100 per cent accurate—I don't believe it's possible—but I have done my very best to give you a fair picture and not a misleading one. And notice this about this graph, that the outbreak of war in Korea takes place before the steepest rise in the curve and not afterwards. Indeed, as you can see, the curve is flattening out up to the outbreak of the war in Korea. Now, this is, of course, in direct contradiction to what Mr. Eden in perfectly good faith told us last night. And I can only assume that he was misled by the Conservative Central Office chart, which is completely misleading in this respect as well. We've only got to look back at the original figures of the London and Cambridge Economic Service to see that the illustration given in my honest man's chart is the true one, and the illustration given in the Conservative Central Office chart is completely faked. I wish there were time to point this out to you in detail now. I only invite you to go to your public libraries and make the test for yourself.

And we're not finished yet, because there's the third point—the suggestion in the chart, and in Mr. Eden's commentary, that Labour's policies were responsible. Well now, this can be quite easily disposed of, too, because Britain is not in any specially advantageous position compared with other countries as far as keeping down her cost of living is concerned. On the contrary. So wouldn't we expect to find that, if Labour's policies were responsible for the rise in our cost of living, that countries which had not adopted Labour's policies would do better



than us? But let's look at the facts. The facts show exactly the opposite. Look first at the rise in our country, the United Kingdom, since 1945. The United States haven't devalued, haven't nationalised at all; but look at their rise in the cost of living. And Canada hasn't devalued or nationalised anything; look at her rise. And as for Italy and France, with non-socialist governments, just look what's happened to them. The French figure for 1945 isn't available, and if it had been it would have proved my case even more. Now, in the whole free world, there are only two countries, two major countries, which have done better than Britain in keeping down or restraining the rise in the cost of living. And they are Norway and Denmark. And it's no coincidence at all that Denmark had a Labour Government up till October last year, and Norway has had a Labour Government all the time. And it's Labour which restrains the rise in the cost of living with Labour's policies, and it's Conservative governments which let the cost of living rise right up, right beyond the reach of the ordinary person.

So much for this Conservative chart. It is a fake, and I'm bound to say after careful study of other misleading features of the chart which I've not time to point out, it's a deliberate fake. And hats off to television—incidentally, the only medium in the world which could have exposed this fake, a medium which I'm sure is going to contribute a lot towards honest politics in this country in the future. And, indeed, haven't we seen a bit of history tonight? Crippen, you remember, was the first criminal to be caught by wireless; the Conservative Central Office are the first criminals to be caught by television. But now it's time for me to say goodnight for myself, and to ask you, Hartley, to carry the story on.

Shawcross: Well, the reason why we've managed so much better than foreign countries in keeping the cost of living under control is the same as the reason why we've prevented unemployment, why we've built up our export trade, why we've built up the whole productive activity of the country. It's because we've been operating what they call a planned, controlled economy. It simply means deliberately putting first things first, instead of leaving it all to chance. Just take off the profit controls, play about with the food subsidies, abolish bulk purchase, do away with the utility schemes, leave the monopolies and the price rings, and of course prices leap up. That's what they've done in the foreign countries where a conservative policy has been pursued. Mr. Eden last night complained that the purchasing power of the pound had gone down to fourteen-and-sixpence—that's twenty-seven per cent. It would have been more fair, I think—wouldn't it?—if he'd told you that in the same time the purchasing power of the dollar had gone down by thirty-one per cent. But he couldn't blame the socialists for that, so he forgot about it.

You know, we are, the mass of us, much better off than we were before the war. Not everybody—I'm not myself, but that's not the test. The greatest good of the greatest number, that's the thing. And taking that, the mass of the people are far better off than they've been before. But we can only maintain and improve on that position if we are able to make the country pay its way in the world. That's the overriding economic problem that we have to solve now. Not a new one! All through the nineteen-thirties the Tories were running the country at a loss, but of course the war made the thing very much worse, and when we took over there was a heavy deficit. But by our system of planning and controls, by the great enterprise of the people, we built the position back to a surplus greater than we've ever had for thirty years, and in 1950 we were building up our dollar and gold reserves, we dispensed



Sir Hartley Shawcross on the television screen\*

with Marshall Aid—eighteen months, it was, before it was due to come to an end—in spite of the fact that we were passing on to other countries almost as much as we received. And then came Korea. And because of it, the prices in the world market rose steeply against us, and now we have a deficit again. Well, we've got to correct that position. If we don't we face bankruptcy.

Now, how to do it? Just suppose we followed the Tory policy and took off all the controls? More imports would come in, more motor-cars, more nylons, a lot of luxury things—very nice for some people, for a time. But our foreign indebtedness would go up, and that would mean that we couldn't import the essential things—the raw materials to keep our factories going. And on the other hand, if we did away with our systems of planning and control for export production, industry here would tend to concentrate on making the luxury and semi-luxury things out of which big profits are to be made, to the neglect not only of defence but of the export market, and of the essential things for the man in the street. So we would be spending more abroad and earning less. That way international bankruptcy lies; and international bankruptcy means mass unemployment and a dramatic drop in our standards of living. I'm quite certain that the only way we can avoid it is by continuing this system of planning and control.

But the Tories say: very well, perhaps, but controls stifle enterprise. You know, it's not so. The wheels of industry here have never revolved faster than they're revolving at present, and over-all production has gone up by over fifty per cent. The American Administrator of Economic Co-operation said that our extraordinary progress had astonished the world. Let's keep on with the progress that we've been making.

I've been talking about economic affairs because that's my particular department. But I did have a lot to do with the United Nations, and we're all of us very anxious about the international situation—and it's a very dangerous one. But I think that if we build up our defences, as we're all agreed to do, if we support the United Nations, and don't betray it as the Tories betrayed the League of Nations before the war, you remember; if we avoid rash and impetuous adventures, I think we will manage to preserve the peace. It's dangerous, but if we keep our heads I think we can avoid a war.

Keep our heads. D'you remember Mr. Eden talked last night about Persia, and that's certainly an instance of it. He said we ought to have gone to the Security Council earlier. But that would have been an extraordinary thing to do, when President Truman had just sent his special representative, Mr. Harriman, to help in the negotiations. No, the only alternative to our policy really meant war, although the Tories don't like to say so—and probably world war.

Well, we certainly have avoided that, and I hope eventually we'll have a satisfactory solution. But I saw the other day in an American newspaper an American comment on it, in the greatest, or one of the greatest, of the two conservative newspapers in the States. And this is what they said: 'The British Resolution'—before the Security Council, they meant—'is reasonable. Above all it creates the conditions for debate and mediation'. And then they went on: 'The British have reached the present stage through procedures to promote peace. They were under heavy pressure at home to take more militant action'. And then they said: 'Last week, the British kept their heads'. I hope we go on keeping our heads.

Well, there it is. I'm not saying we haven't made mistakes; of course we have. And we've had disappointments and frustrations which weren't of our making. I know there are just criticism and complaints, but you mustn't look at only one side of the picture; look at the picture as a whole. And then there's no doubt—is there?—of our over-all success, and of the great benefits that we've brought to the people of this country, and indeed to the peace of the world. And you know, we have the experience and the capacity and the confidence to go steadily forward. You see, we believe in Britain. We're all in this together. Good luck to you all, and good night.

October 17

## Gardening

### Flowers for the Spring

THERE are two periods in the year when polyanthuses and primroses can be planted. One is the autumn and the other is the spring—and the autumn is unquestionably the better time to plant them in their final positions, where they will flower in the following April. It always distresses me to see polyanthuses offered for sale in very late spring when they are in full flower. They are usually huddled together in boxes, and more often than not exposed to all the winds that blow—and the winds can be very trying and drying in March and early April. Poor things, how can they succeed when their every need is flagrantly denied them? Now if strong, one-year-old plants are bedded out at the present time they have the autumn's moist atmosphere and soil in which to become established. They may, and most probably will, lose much of their foliage during the winter, but this is a perfectly natural function and they will quickly make new foliage at the turn of the year. They will also be developing their flower buds deep in the crowns of the plants, and when spring comes they will be full of vigour and will produce luxurious foliage and flowers. If for very special reasons planting has to be done in the early part of the year, do let it be early and do not wait until they are in full flower.

I want to stress one important point. Make sure that the roots are well down in the soil because most new roots are produced near the base of the leaves, and if this part is not covered with soil, root-action will be limited and the plants partially starved. This may seem rather elementary but it is absolutely essential. If after planting you can mulch them with some well-rotted manure or leaf mould, so much the better, but I would not say it is entirely necessary, especially if some of either has been dug into the ground beforehand. Do not forget that it is advisable to plant polyanthuses and primroses where they will not receive the full rays of the summer sun.

ALLAN LANGDON

(from a talk in the West of England Home Service)

\* This photograph, and those of Mr. Eden with Mr. Mitchell, and of Mr. Mayhew, are reproduced by courtesy of the News Chronicle





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# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Audience Research

Sir,—In his letter in THE LISTENER of October 18, Mr. E. M. Forster credits me with appearing to claim that Audience Research measures the quality of broadcasts in addition to the quantity of listening. But may I point out that the words I used were that Audience Research 'systematically assesses the extent to which broadcasts are appreciated'. I would suggest with respect that this is not a claim to measure the quality of broadcasts. Whether intrinsic quality is susceptible of description in quantitative terms is open to argument but, if it is, it is a task which it is certainly no part of the duty of Audience Research to undertake. The assessment of appreciation is, however, very much part of the duty of Audience Research; without such an assessment any review of a broadcast's impact would be incomplete. I cannot believe that Mr. Forster would maintain that this is something which defies measurement. Surely a general election is a quantitative measurement of appreciation—of a government's past performance or a party's fitness for office? Is not the volume of applause which follows the fall of a curtain a means, admittedly crude, by which the audience's appreciation of a play is measured?

The method which Audience Research employs is to issue questionnaires which provide representative listeners, drawn from those who elected to listen to the broadcast, with an opportunity to state how it struck them—whether they enjoyed this or that 'turn', whether they found a speaker's voice and delivery agreeable or his treatment of his subject interesting, whether and why they found the broadcast more or less satisfying than others of a similar kind. Admittedly unanimity of appreciation is rare, and all reports on the way broadcasts are received must be scrupulously fair in the reflection of differences of opinion, but although the method is not perfect there is usually a sufficient consensus for it to be possible to say that this broadcast did or did not satisfy its listeners as much as others with which it can fairly be compared.

No one would suggest that every broadcast which satisfies its listeners is necessarily a 'good' broadcast, or every one which disappointed them, necessarily 'bad'. This is the realm of values where not Audience Research but editorial responsibilities must be supreme.—Yours, etc.,  
London, W.1.

R. J. E. SILVEY  
Head of Audience Research

## The Process of Evolution

Sir,—In his talk (Third Programme, October 13) upon the way in which 'Natural selection . . . the only effective agency of evolution' has been responsible for the production of every detail of each type of organism, Dr. Julian Huxley suggested that some people find it hard to understand how natural selection could, in fact, have been responsible for the elaboration of such complex structures as the eye. I number myself among those who suffer from this particular inability, and Dr. Huxley's attempt to reassure the unbelievers struck me as very curious. After citing various familiar and undisputed ways in which natural selection could be seen at work producing small-time adaptations—

resistance of bacteria to streptomycin and of scale insects to hydrocyanic acid, or the non-viability of 'frizzle' poultry in Britain—he proceeded to say that 'an exceedingly high apparent improbability in its products merely demonstrates the high degree of its efficacy'. But does it? Might it not also demonstrate the reasonableness of suspecting that, in fact, natural selection has had nothing to do with the case in point?

It is difficult to see how natural selection could possibly have selected independently a number of separate anatomical imperfections and gradually built them up into a single evolutionary strain when each aberration was in itself useless and perhaps actually disadvantageous until accompanied by all the others. This is the difficulty in the case of the eye; and to tell us that the sheer improbability of natural selection having been the responsible agent is the very proof of its efficacy is just absurd.

And what of the poor creatures who must have drawn all but one of the lucky tickets in the grand lottery of mutations? They must have been viable, else they could not have survived to give rise to the ultimate successful creature who, with one final added mutation, had a functional eye. Do their descendants survive today? If so, we have not discovered them. Can we see their remains in the cemetery of palaeontology? No, we cannot.

Nobody would now dispute the role of natural selection as a factor which tidily ties up the adaptive character and structure of blind-alley organisms. But to suggest that natural selection is 'the only effective agency of evolution' is to make an assertion for which there is no evidence whatsoever. Perhaps the insertion of the words 'discovered to date' at the end of the sentence would give us a more realistic picture of the state of our knowledge of the magnificent and baffling evolutionary process.—Yours, etc.,  
London, N.6

ROGER PILKINGTON

Sir,—I think Dr. Julian Huxley over-simplified his problem when he discussed bacterial drug resistance in his second lecture on 'The Process of Evolution'. He did not refer to evidence contrary to his theory produced by Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, in Oxford, and summarised in the latter's paper in *Endeavour*, Oct. 1949. There Professor Hinshelwood produced considerable evidence that in millionfold dilutions of bacterial cultures practically every single individual can develop into a drug-resistant strain, or into one able to digest a new, previously indigestible sugar. Such facts do complicate Dr. Huxley's apparently so simple and straightforward picture.—Yours, etc.,  
Birmingham

J. SHACK

## Modern Movement in Architecture

Sir,—The antic, but anaemic and unimaginative South Bank jumble of concrete, glazed voids, metal tubing and scaffolding, certainly confirms Osbert Lancaster's conviction that the Modernistic Movement's 'frenzied rejection of the past' must be abandoned. Its highest present attainment is 'hive' but not 'live' architecture, as its professional, lay, and clerical propagandists claim. One of the last, the Provost of Coventry, asserts that the concertina-walled, airplane-hangar-like

design for Coventry Cathedral will 'declare the presence and supremacy of God . . .' and 'present a thoroughly Christian exterior, because relevant to man's everyday occupations of daily life'. This presages new advertising formulas for soap powders and other 'everyday' commodities, with main-theme extensions of 'cleanliness is next to godliness', etc. But where will this merging of 'daily life' and new cathedrals stop: are we to apprehend service intervals for ices and soft drinks—pews or sections for smokers—and, eventually, cocktail chapels? One modernistic practitioner I questioned, thinks 'there is something to be said' for these. Neither he, nor any others, however, would venture an assurance that the zig-zag walls for Coventry will not result in confused acoustics; and their intermittent fenestration, in zebra-stripe lighting. Have those responsible considered this, or are they content to proceed on the Provost's extraordinary illusion that 'medieval cathedrals were not built because the architects were considered fit to design them'—and similar uncertainty today is equally permissible?—Yours, etc.,  
Dorking

FRANCIS HOWARD

Sir,—After reading Mr. Osbert Lancaster's witty and penetrating talk (THE LISTENER, October 18) I suggest he be awarded the honorary title of 'The Constant Lambert of architecture'. There is one reservation—he sees, as Lambert did not, how an artist pursuing false ideals may, by his very failure to achieve those ideals, incidentally create masterpieces of another kind. Applying this principle to neo-classicism and Gebrauchsmusik might have saved Lambert from his over-facile denunciations.

This is only one of the many good things in Mr. Lancaster's talk—his 'functional tower of reinforced ivory' would alone have earned our eternal gratitude. Most of your correspondence is intended to start an argument but an occasional letter of appreciation may not come amiss.—Yours, etc.,  
Enfield

H. E. THOMAS

## The New Society

Sir,—I never asserted or implied that equality under the law in England in the eighteenth century was perfect or without exception; only that it had been carried far enough to be an object of envy and imitation by the French. The kind of equality intended by 'Equality' in the famous Revolutionary slogan was the kind of equality already achieved, however imperfectly, in England, and it is therefore wrong to ask us to abrogate that kind of equality in the name of the French Revolution. Socialist equality is quite a different matter; to this idea the early English socialists made a more important contribution than the French Revolution; Babeuf was an unimportant figure and has been dug out of his obscurity by modern socialists.

Mr. Thomson appears to me to be quite wrong about the relation of Christianity to the Greeks in the evolution of political liberty. The primary contribution of Christianity to human affairs has been on the spiritual plane and not on that of practical expedients, although its spiritual contribution has no doubt had far-reaching practical influence. On the specific point of political liberty, however, Christianity does



not appear to have made an important contribution in the first thousand years of its existence. In the Middle Ages the Church was sometimes on the side of liberty; but according to Lord Acton, whose credentials to speak for the Christian contribution are high, when the Church defended political liberty, this was rather a by-product of its efforts to maintain its own authority as against the secular arm, than a consequence of its belief in the value of political liberty on its own account.

The point I sought to emphasise was that in the case of a concept like political liberty, the bare idea is without content until the thing has been put into practice. That was why I said of the Greeks that they *invented* political liberty. It may well be that, if they had not done so, we should be unable today either to attach any definite meaning to those words, or to enjoy the priceless benefits that political liberty in practice confers upon those who have it.

Yours, etc.,

Christ Church, Oxford R. F. HARROD

Sir,—In a flourish of mis-statement and inexactitude Mr. Thomson goes from strength to strength.

(1) He rebukes me for mentioning the Annual Indemnity Acts, declaring that these were not annual for the reason that they were passed 'at very irregular intervals'. Really? Let him read a little history, e.g. Basil Williams' *Whig Supremacy* at page 68: 'In 1727 he [Walpole] introduced a system of annual Indemnity Acts, continued regularly for 100 years'. Cf also Lecky, I. 323; Taswell-Langmead, 589; Maitland, 366. Actually if Hallam is right these authorities are slightly wrong. According to him (III, 250) there were in fact seven intermissions, but none after 1760, i.e. for sixty-seven consecutive years.

(2) I said there was no evidence connecting the men who passed or supported Emancipation in 1828 with the French Revolution. I am smugly referred to *Peter Plymley's Letters* of 1807! Mr. Thomson must have a singular notion of what constitutes evidence. Nevertheless, if he knows his Sidney Smith he will be able to give extracts supporting his argument however feeble. He will have a difficult job I think.

(3) When I wrote that Christianity never directly attacked slavery it was reasonable to suppose I was referring to Christian dogma and doctrine. I do not need to be reminded that Wilberforce was a Christian any more than that Thurlow, who bitterly opposed him, was one.

(4) Of course the Game Laws were harsh but they were applied indiscriminately; and after all there was no more obligation to break them than there is today the countless laws encompassing our Welfare State. Perhaps some twenty-first century Mr. Thomson will (with greater effect) condemn as unconscionable a criminal code which punishes a shop-keeper for selling a picture postcard at two minutes past 7.30 p.m.?

If in Mr. Thomson's opinion the above are the 'most choice' of my historical errors, I have little cause for concern.—Yours, etc.,

Horsham W. BARING PEMBERTON

### The Legend of a Desert

Sir,—I have been stung into writing this by reading Mr. van der Post's talk (THE LISTENER, October 18). The fact that Lake N'Gami no longer holds water and the true nature of the Kalahari have been public knowledge for at least half a century. In an article on the Okovango and Kunene rivers in the *Royal Geographical Journal* for November, 1923, I wrote: 'The Kalahari is well wooded and only a desert in the sense that its sandy surface does not hold water, although the Bushman by inserting a hollow reed is able to suck up enough moisture to satisfy his

meagre needs. On digging, the moisture recedes. I do not know whether it is considered that the present rainfall in the Kalahari would be inadequate even if the surface were water supporting. South-west of Lake N'Gami the sand gives place to limestone over a wide area in what is known as the Ghanzi veld, where I think wells do not need to be sunk to any great depth'. I stated it thus baldly just because it was public knowledge. About 1907 I was outspanned for half a day on the edge of a channel which once connected the lake with a river, but the land is so flat that the water flowed towards the lake or the river according to which was the fuller. All those hours a trickle from the river was entering a small hole in the bed of the channel and could be heard monotonously tinkling below. I have little doubt that what once filled the lake now descends to limestone caverns beneath, just as the Botletle river peters out before reaching the Makari-Kari salt pans.

Before the time of the internal combustion engine traders plied from Mafeking to Lehututu and from Palapye to the Batawana beyond Lake N'Gami through the so-called desert with ox- or donkey-drawn transport; but for the latter journey they had to be sure that there was a good crop of tsama, a little wild melon with so much liquid that cattle were indifferent about water after several weeks without it. An author accompanied one of the first parties to cross the Kalahari by lorries, and his subsequent book made me wonder whether his account of crossing Parliament Hill on a dark night might give me the horrors. The photograph of Bushmen in THE LISTENER looks like black men; but I met the little yellow man there, and once bought his kit of bow and bark quiver full of bone-headed poisoned arrows. They are also scattered right across south-west Africa and into the Kaokao veld; but they are not easy of access. I have walked towards their quickly extinguished small fires at night and shouted for them in vain.

In the 'eighties of last century, when venture-some Boers and hilarious Scotsmen roamed at will with an inclination to found little independencies like the Stella Land Republic, a cry for protection went up which would have secured all Africa across from the Bight of Benin to Zanzibar as a Victorian Dominion; but of course Westminster would have none of it. We did allow Sir Charles Warren to seal off the Bechuanaland Protectorate and have kept a ring fence round it at the expense of the British taxpayer ever since. One result is that the Bechuanas are among the most backward of African tribes, and after 1902 the country should have been made over to the Union, or divided at Lobatsi, the north being allotted to Southern Rhodesia. From groundnuts to humans Westminster will never understand Africa and does not seem to trust even our own stock who emigrate and live there.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

MAUDSLAY BAYNES

### Paradoxography

Sir,—Mary Scrutton has given us an interesting analysis of the paradox (THE LISTENER, October 11) but I may not be isolated in feeling that the intrinsic value of paradoxical presentation is susceptible of stricter definition. Contradiction is a logical or grammatical concept. It does not exist in the world outside our minds until we have put it there, and the way we put it there depends on our preconceived ideas. Light is both particles and waves in modern physics: an unresolved paradox which works all right in practice. The words we use in a statement, be it straight or paradoxical (involving a contradiction), are intended to correspond to a system of ideas or mental contents which they symbolise. These can be defined strictly, as is done in philosophy. But thereby they do not become reality: they are only concepts and it is idle to pretend

that complete correspondence exists between these concepts and the objects or relationships they are intended to portray. Reality is infinitely vaster than our ideas about it.

This is not a case of dealing with *noumena* or 'things in themselves', which are beyond knowledge. We generally know a good deal more about things and relationships between them than we manage to squeeze into our concepts, and suspect a good deal more still. Thus what is a contradiction in one system of thought or 'universe of discourse' need not be a contradiction in another, and both systems may be empirically correct, that is to say, in agreement with the facts of observation. In most cases, however, no such perfection is attained, and both systems of thought are demonstrably imperfect; they are true only thus far and no farther, with a titillating border of uncertainty. Here a paradox may come in useful by exposing pre-tenacious pomposity or unwarranted complacency. It also has the stimulating sting of conciseness presents in a nutshell a problem that is suspected by many but might require tomes to be logically analysed by the unintelligible few.

Yours, etc.,

Isle of Arran

V. A. FIRSOFF

### 'Life of Baron von Hügel'

Sir,—I have no wish to make things too difficult for Count Michael de la Bedoyere, but it follows, I am afraid, from his admissions that the infallible Church has for centuries been wrong in her teaching about the Scriptures. The Council of Trent (Sess. IV, *Decretum de Canonici Scripturis*) lays it down that all the books of the Old and New Testaments, *with all their parts*, are divinely inspired, i.e., 'that the Holy Ghost so stimulated and moved men to write, so stood by them as they wrote, that all those things and only those things which He commanded they rightly conceived in their minds and aptly expressed with infallible truth'. But the Count knows better than the Tridentine Doctors; he recognises—in fact he cannot possibly deny—that the text of the 'Three Heavenly Witnesses' is what Gibbon, in a famous passage, called it, a 'pious fraud'; and, further, the Count must also recognise, if he has ever looked seriously into the matter, that this is only one of scores of such interpolations and errors.

Whatever the Count may say, it is undeniable that Baron von Hügel was the leader of the Modernist movement, and that, three years after this movement had been condemned by the Encyclical *Pascendi* (1907) as the 'compendium of all heresies' he published in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* an article on the Fourth Gospel in which he followed his friend Loisy in denying it any independent historical value as a record of the life of Jesus. The Count can easily verify this.

I said, and I repeat, that Mendel and Pasteur (both of them giants in their respective spheres) knew next to nothing about biblical criticism. In a letter to Sainte-Beuve who had questioned him, Pasteur wrote (1865): *Ma philosophie* (and the context shows that he means his religious outlook) *Ma philosophie est toute du cœur et point de l'esprit*. Now the heart no doubt has its reasons and they are often paramount; but no mere emotion, however noble, can possibly fix the date of a document, or settle the authenticity of a text.

The Abbot Mendel, who spent his most fruitful years brooding over sweet peas in the monastery garden (and I wonder what he really thought about the Noah's Ark yarn!) went through the usual seminary course; that is to say, he was thoroughly inoculated with orthodox views, and fitted out with light-proof official blinkers.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS



# How Natural Selection Works

(continued from page 679)

lose sight of their underlying unity. They all have this in common—they are all automatic and all selective. Darwin had the insight to recognise this common general property of all the operative processes of evolution; and we today are right to retain his single concept of natural selection.

Natural selection operates through imperfection. Mutation is an imperfection in the basic property of living substance, of reproducing itself unaltered: but without it, there could have been no change, and so no improvement of any sort. The wastage of lives in each generation is an imperfection in the process of living: but without it there could have been no differential survival, and so no further biological improvement. Imperfection is the necessary basis for selection, and so for any possible perfection.

To sum up, natural selection converts randomness into direction, and blind chance into apparent purpose. It operates with the aid of time to produce improvements in the machinery of living, and in the process generates results of a more than astronomical improbability, which could have been achieved in no other way. But it has its limitations. It is opportunist, and it is relative: at any one time it can only produce results which are of immediate biological advantage to their possessors, in relation to the particular situation of the moment. So it can never plan ahead or work to a complete design. Furthermore, it often leads life into blind alleys, from which there is no evolutionary escape.

## Evolution of the Horse Family

I shall close with one concrete example of what actually happens when natural selection continues to act on a particular kind of organism over a longish period of evolutionary time. For this I choose the evolution of the horse family during the past fifty-five million years. Most people are aware that the first known horses were little animals about the size of a large terrier, with four toes on each foot, and that in the course of time they grew gradually larger, speedier, and bigger-brained; transformed their nails into hooves; lost all their toes except the centre one, which grew much larger; and evolved tall cheek-teeth with elaborate grinding patterns. This trend has sometimes been represented as what is called an *orthogenesis*—a uniform process, proceeding in a single evolutionary straight line, and at a uniform rate, as if it were the result of some inner urge towards a predetermined goal.

The detailed work of the last half-century has shown that this is quite untrue. There is not merely one line of horse evolution, but a whole system of branches, many becoming extinct after a shorter or longer persistence. In particular, the stock divided in mid-career, one part continuing the original trend towards efficiency for browsing on soft foliage, the other branching off towards efficiency for grazing on grasses with their harder stems. The rate of evolutionary change, as measured by change in tooth-shape and pattern and in limb-proportions, is much higher in the grazers than in the browsers. This, as well as the actual splitting off of the grazing line as a whole, can be correlated with a change in the environment during the Miocene period—a drier general climate, which led to the formation of great open grass plains where forest could no longer grow. And this in turn provided a new evolutionary opportunity for grazing horses. The actual process of transformation, both in browsers and grazers, occurs in a series of finite steps, each taking a certain period of time, and the earlier ones serving as basis for the later. The general improvement in the grindstone pattern and the general form of the cheek-teeth for browsing went on for more than twenty-five million years, but then became stabilised in all subsequent browsing species. But at the beginning of the grazers' evolution both tooth-height and complexity of tooth-pattern increased rapidly during ten million years or so, after which their teeth too became stabilised.

The improvement of the limbs involved three consecutive steps. In the browsers, living in moister conditions, stabilisation was reached at about the same time as that of tooth-pattern, nearly twenty-five million years ago. The stabilised browser foot was three-toed, all three toes with hooves, but with the main stress on the enlarged middle toe, the two small side-toes merely helping to spread the weight. In the early

grazers, the first further step was the evolution of a remarkable spring mechanism involving the tendons of the still further enlarged middle toe, which gave the animals a greater turn of speed on their hard open plains. But this involved the risk of sprains and dislocations; and the side-toes were retained, though a little further reduced, as checks or buffers against this risk. Finally, in the line which led to the living forms, a second tendon was developed to act as an anti-sprain check mechanism: with this, the need for side-toes was over, and they became further reduced to the vestigial splint-bones of the modern species. Degeneration of useless structures proceeds at a slower rate than the evolution of useful ones, so while the check mechanism was perfected five or six million years ago, and remained stable after that, the slow reduction of the side-toes continued for a few million years more. Some of the three-toed grazers survived for some time side by side with the one-toed forms before finally becoming extinct. Various browsing horses survived virtually unchanged until their extinction only a few million years ago. As machines for a browsing way of life, they had reached the limit of their possibilities, even before the grazing horses branched off; and their stable phase lasted for two-fifths of their evolutionary career. The grazers started their special transformation later: but even so they reached their stable phase at least two or three million years ago.

In addition to these obviously adaptive specialisations, the horse family shows other evolutionary trends of a more general nature—notably towards increased size and towards greater brain-power. The latter was manifested not only by a greater relative size of the whole brain, but also by an increased size of the cerebral cortex, that part of the brain subserving intelligence and learning capacity. This trend began very early, and did not come to an end until quite late in horse evolution. But it did eventually become stabilised. The horses concentrated on speed and the detection of distant danger, as against the detailed manipulation of objects close at hand; and so their brain capacities were tied in with their physical specialisations and could not progress beyond a certain limit.

The trend towards increased size is of advantage in various ways; but it is self-limiting. Big animals automatically become mechanically inefficient and unwieldy, and unwieldiness limits speed. With horses it was the balance between the advantages of speed and those of bulk which set the limit to their size. Some extinct species of horses indeed sacrificed a certain amount of speed, evolving into stockier and heavier forms than the typical horses; while dwarf forms were evolved in certain habitats. As a result, this trend is not so clearly defined as most of the others I have mentioned, and is better characterised by the maximum attained than by the average. The co-existence of horse species of different size and different build is a reminder that the main trends of horse evolution were not single lines, but branching stems, each separate branch being adapted to some particular habitat as well as to a general way of life.

## A Significant Phenomenon

This small-scale adaptive divergence superimposed on a large-scale specialised trend is illustrated today by the three main types of living species of equines—the true horses of the temperate steppes, the wild asses of the steppe-deserts, and the striped horses or zebras of the African savannahs. Apart from the main fork which gave rise to the grazers, the various branches did not diverge greatly, but pursued a nearly parallel course. In other words, the major trends of tooth and limb and brain improvement went on independently in many lines at once, though the rate of change of the various characters differed in different lines. This parallel evolution, this independent advance of many related lines in the same general direction, is an extremely significant phenomenon.

The bones of fossil horses lay scattered in the rocks of four continents. They have come to life, in the hands of the paleontologists, to recreate their own evolutionary history and demonstrate to us their improvements. What will life as a whole reveal? Is improvement universal, and does it continue through the whole of evolutionary time? These are the questions that will chiefly concern us in later lectures.

—Third Programme



# The English Elysium

By MARCUS WHIFFEN

SIR HENRY WOTTON, beginning a section on gardening in *The Elements of Architecture*, wrote: 'First, I must note a certaine contrarietie between *building* and *gardening*: For as Fabriques should be *regular*, so Gardens should bee *irregular*, or at least cast into a very wilde *Regularitie*'. The *Elements* was first published in 1624, so that this is by very many years the earliest suggestion in English of irregularity as an ideal in the planning of gardens—even if the kind of irregularity that Wotton was thinking of was nothing more than a non-axial arrangement of parts which in themselves were perfectly symmetrical.

Sir William Temple's *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus*, with its famous passage on Chinese gardening, was written in 1685; between 1710 and 1715, as Miss Dorothy Stroud reminds us in her introduction to the exhibition called 'English Landscape Gardening of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries' at the Arts Council gallery in St. James's Square, a number of writers on gardening declared in favour of irregularity (by then equated with Nature), and ridiculed the formality of Jacobean and Caroline gardens and of those which had been laid out in the Franco-Dutch style since the Restoration. Practice lagged behind precept, however, and none of the gardens shown by plan, sketch, print, painting or photograph in St. James's Square was more than begun when the centenary of Wotton's *Elements* came round in 1724. Perhaps this is a pity: one or two of Kip's views would have helped the average spectator by showing what the landscape school reacted against. On the other hand, by keeping to the strict, Reptonian sense of the term landscape gardening, Miss Stroud has been able to include much that will be new even to those whose interest in the subject is not altogether recent. How many people have so much as heard of Richard Woods, who is represented by three fine plans for improvements in Essex? Or are familiar with the name of Thomas Greening, Royal Gardener to George II, who made a plan for Corsham which is shown? Who knew that the archives of St. John's College, Oxford, contained anything as strange as the Rev. Mr. Penson's plan for a natural garden, dated 1774, with its wildly serpentine paths in the worst *jardin anglais* manner and its precocious use of circular flower beds?

Yet when all is said, three men steal the show—Kent, Brown and Repton. The first and greatest, William Kent, 'the father of modern gardening', in Horace Walpole's inevitable phrase, is represented most notably by a number of his drawings. There are, for instance, his designs for the grounds at Holkham, including the one which shows what may be the first use of clumps (though a few years earlier Robert

Castell's *Villas of the Ancients Illustrated* had credited the grounds of Pliny's Tuscan villa with possession of the feature!), and others for the exquisite and still unaltered garden at Rousham. Particularly interesting are five drawings belonging to Mr. Iolo Williams. These, which seem not to have been noticed by any writer on Kent, are catalogued as 'for an unidentified garden'; in fact at least two of them are plainly designs for Claremont, near Esher, where Kent reformed a layout by Sir John Vanbrugh. In one of these two drawings the temple shown on Rocque's plan of 1738 appears, with Vanbrugh's

belvedere in the background, while the second bears one inscription which may be read as 'sr John' level terras to be taken away' and another referring to 'the great room', a celebrated feature of the Vanbrugh house at Claremont.

The present house at Claremont was designed in 1768 by Lancelot Brown, whose reputation as an architect has recently been re-established by Miss Stroud's exemplary monograph. Unlike Kent, to whose practice as gardening-consultant-in-chief to the nobility and gentry he succeeded at the turn of the century, 'Capability' was not in the habit of submitting perspective views of his landscape proposals but relied almost entirely on plans; at the Arts

Council, however, in addition to several of his plans (and a pair of his spectacles), there is a large drawing from his hand showing the effect of 'Gothicising' that part of Woodstock which can be seen from the park at Blenheim. Brown once explained that he 'compared his art to literary composition', and critics have said that his sensibility to strictly visual impressions was deficient. It is now open to his admirers to quote a hitherto unrecorded letter written by him in 1775. Replying to the Rev. Thomas Dyer, who had asked for a garden plan to send to 'a French gentleman'—English gardening had 'arrived' in France, at Ermenonville, towards the end of the previous decade—Brown points out that the best of plans needs 'infinite delicacy in the planting, etc., so much Beauty depending on the size of the trees and the colour of the leaves'.

Brown's manner of laying out grounds came under fire from Sir William Chambers during his lifetime and from Payne Knight and Uvedale Price soon after his death. His chief defender and spiritual heir was Humphry Repton. A generous allowance of the famous 'red books' that Repton prepared for his clients provides one of the most enjoyable sections of this exhibition. One's only regret is that for good and obvious reasons one is not allowed to operate the flaps, or 'slides' as he called them, with which he so ingeniously showed the effect of proposed alterations.



Croome Court, Worcester: a painting by Richard Wilson of 1758 (in the exhibition at the Arts Council gallery) showing the house and park begun by Brown seven years before

By courtesy of the Croome Estate Trustees



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Dam Busters. By Paul Brickhill. Evans. 15s.

THIS BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN book gives some impression of one of the most heroic enterprises of the last war or, indeed, of any war. Though there have been other good books on the subject, the bravery and endurance of the men in Bomber Command have never been really understood and appreciated. It may, perhaps, be said that no others had to endure so prolonged and terrible an ordeal, facing death night after night with but small hope that they would survive the average number of sorties. But 617 squadron was unique amongst them not only for bravery but for skill and initiative. They transformed the tactics of bombing. Other squadrons were associated with them, but the pioneer work was done by 617 and its famous leaders Gibson, Cheshire, Tait, Martin, and Fouquier. They made their name by the episode for which they were first formed, the destruction of the Moehne and Eder dams which gives the book its title.

This amazing achievement, which involved the laying of specially constructed weapons from a height of 30 feet, cost eight aircraft. It is splendidly described in the book, including Gibson's effort, for which he was awarded the V.C., of attracting the flak to his own aircraft so as to give the others a better chance. This episode has been described by Gibson himself and other pens, but the rest of the work of the squadron has never before been fully appreciated. It involved the solution of the problem of finding a precise and often small target and then hitting it from such a height as would ensure the penetration of the bombs to such a depth as would cause maximum damage.

The method which was finally successful was the marking of the target at low level by the leader and others, at night in the light of flares. Either by day or by night this nearly always involved diving through a storm of flak. Once this had been done the rest could be relied on to hit the target at 20,000 feet. At this height the new bombs devised by Barnes Wallis penetrated so deeply that they had the effect of an earthquake and a near miss did as much or more damage than a direct hit.

On other occasions ordinary bombs were used in such a manner as to do no harm except to the target itself. Thus factories serving the Germans in France and Belgium could be destroyed with a minimum loss of civilian life. On several occasions the inhabitants of the occupied territories recognised that the bombers of 617 squadron had risked their own lives in order to save those of others on the ground.

Amongst the targets which could probably have been destroyed in no other way were some of the V-weapon installations in the Pas de Calais, and it may be that what was done there had a determining effect in the result of the war. The destruction of the *Bismarck* was another magnificent piece of work with large strategic effects. It was 617 squadron, also, that by its wonderful control over its aircraft was able to produce in the German minds the impression that a large fleet was on D-Day about to attack the Pas de Calais.

## The Loyalty of Free Man

By Alan Barth. Gollancz. 16s.

A careful book on the Communist terror in the United States has been awaited for several years. It is now supplied by Mr. Alan Barth, an able Washington journalist who combines objectivity

with a gift of summary statement. He is supported in a valuable introduction by Professor Zachariah Chafee of the Harvard Law School, one of America's high authorities on all questions related to civil liberty. Mr. Barth goes over the astonishing record of the Congress committee on un-American activities. This body was created in Roosevelt's time. It came into great prominence through the Hiss case, the sensational espionage trials, and the reckless charges reiterated by Senator McCarthy. In this prolonged campaign nothing has been more oppressive than the atmosphere of suspicion surrounding the loyalty oaths imposed upon teachers, professors, and government servants. The positive results, naturally enough, have been almost nil. There can hardly be any section of the national community in which loyalty to the Republic could be more confidently assumed than among the hardworked men and women of the schools and colleges. The peculiar evil of the 'witch-hunt' is the impossibility of wiping out the effects of a 'smear', however innocent the victim may be. There are now, happily, undeniable evidences of a strong revulsion from the mass hysteria, which might well have been denounced at the outset as gross treachery to the basic American tradition. The McCarthys are at last meeting resistance in Congress, and it is not unreasonable to look for a healthy and widespread movement during the forthcoming presidential campaign in favour of those principles of mental freedom that once were proudly identified with the Constitution.

## Life and Letters of David Beatty, Admiral of the Fleet

By Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

THE controversy on the Battle of Jutland between the adherents of Jellicoe and Beatty was fierce and prolonged but the author of this book has wisely refrained from stirring its dying embers and is mainly concerned to describe the actions of his hero.

Beatty came from a sporting family and hunting was his chief pastime from his youth onward, but early in his career fortune gave him bigger fences to take than the Midlands could provide. Chosen as a young lieutenant to command a gunboat on the Nile during Kitchener's campaign of 1896 and 1897 against the Khalifa, he showed not only dash and courage but powers of leadership, and emerged with promotion and a D.S.O. In 1900 he was landed at Tientsin for six weeks' hard fighting during the Chinese Boxer rising. Again his achievements were outstanding and he was promoted to Captain at the early age of 29. Invalided home with his wounds he married Mrs. Tree whose first marriage had been unhappy.

Much of the interest of the book centres in the letters written to his wife over many years and, at the wish of the family, the relationship between them is frankly revealed. The letters were exceptionally numerous because she was highly strung and constantly travelling in search of health and change of scene. Wealthy and demanding, she was jealous of the supreme claims on him of his country and the Navy; but though he remained sincerely devoted to her the letters show the terrible mental strain he must have undergone during and after the war and until her death in 1932. After commanding various ships with success as a Captain he was promoted to Rear-Admiral at the age of 39, the

youngest Flag Officer for 100 years. Two years later Mr. Churchill, then First Lord, recognising his ability, appointed him first as his Naval Secretary and in 1913 to command the battle cruisers where he was first to win world renown.

His conduct at the Battle of Heligoland, the Dogger Bank and the Scarborough raid showed that not only had he courage and dash but skill and judgment, and that he was not merely the beau sabreur that many had thought him. The Battle of Jutland is fully described mainly of course from the battle cruiser point of view and, though no new facts emerge, the author does justice to Beatty's great part in the battle.

His succession to the command of the Grand Fleet and his maintenance of its high morale during a period of two years' frustration revealed Beatty's full stature. After the war he became First Sea Lord and, during nearly eight years of office, preserved against the pressure of wave after wave of economy the essentials of British naval power. To the end Beatty rightly held the affection and admiration of his country, and posterity will endorse the verdict.

## The Universal Singular. By Pierre Emmanuel. Grey Walls Press. 13s. 6d.

IN England, we first became aware of the poetry of Pierre Emmanuel through his contributions to the literary review 'Fontaine' which Max-Pol Fouchet edited from Algiers during the German occupation of France. To those of us familiar with the work of Eluard, Jouve and Supervielle, these poems were something of a mystery: though they were not obscure, they had a remoteness, and an abstract, almost mathematical quality, which their lucidity of style seemed, strangely enough, to make more tantalisingly impenetrable. The person, too, of the author, with his improbable name, was a mystery.

Now at last we find from his autobiography that Pierre Emmanuel is not his real name. This pseudonym is not the symbol of a loss of personality; it is rather a reconciliation of two aspects of his personality. He adopted it after writing 'Christ au Tombeau', the first poem he composed as a disciple of Pierre Jean Jouve. The name sums up the two principles in Emmanuel's life and work that are struggling to reach harmonious resolution: Pierre, the stone, and Emmanuel, the presence of God in man. It is

an emblem of love, for in it, word and matter are wedded, lover and beloved are united; but it is also a sign of distress and anguish, for the stone tends always to inertia, and, once possessed, 'closes up again—to vivify it is an endless undertaking. But surely the two names joined to make one are the image of our life struggling against itself. Surely they are the striking ellipsis of the whole drama of creation.

The antithesis apparent in the name is one which is apparent also in the title of his book. 'To make one little world an everywhere' is the writer's theme, and the basis of his often extremely confusing philosophy. The book is full of antitheses—his early days in Lyons (itself a city of strange contrasts, most evocatively described), and his later life in Paris and Dieulefit; the good priests and the bad ones; the narrowness of his upbringing, and the 'liberation' of poetry; the essential solidity of religion, and its many apparent denials of all that religion means; the conflict of good and evil in people and in governments; selfish and self-transcending love; peace and war, pre-war France and the Résistance; universal problems solved or partially solved by reference to the singular, the personal experience of life, 'arriving at the



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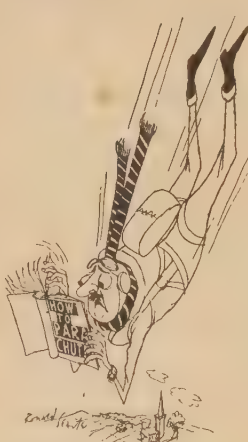
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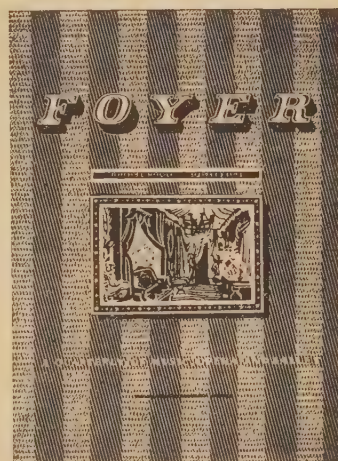
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universal by paths of interior analysis', the final aim being 'to unify the diverse, and diversify the One'.

Let us examine only one of this writer's many important themes, the poet's responsibility. Emmanuel believes that to a good poet the writing of a poem is a moral act, performed in 'the language of being—a language all the more universal for being highly singular'. We shall see that this is much more than the 'social' responsibility of the 'thirties in England or the *littérature engagée* of Sartre and his school. For Emmanuel goes to the root of the matter, language itself. He feels a close connection between poetry and mathematics—'this art of speaking in few words, but each one just and necessary, links style with proof'. His meeting with Jouve brought the realisation that 'utterance is only truly necessary when inner experience informs each word from within', a statement of which Rilke would have approved. 'Words are . . . the idea itself, experienced in the singular, and bearer of a wholly personal energy, of a *qualitative universel*. . . . The true poet is he whose experience becomes a language'.

But that language depends for its success upon a reverence for words and a delight in their correct employment. The poet can retrieve words from neglect and distortion, and make them true once more. Here the influence of the singular upon the universal appears as a sacred task, for 'whoever does injury to language, also wounds man'. History should be a study of the future, and the role of the poet is to invent the future. He can at least make sure that the future is based upon words used truthfully, and not systematically deformed for the benefit of unscrupulous politicians and malevolent tyrants. The poet will also bring to life again the simplest words, those whose integral, everyday, and sacred meaning has been almost lost, and with them create 'the language of communion, the Word which gathers men together, no longer in that external fellowship which the politicians offer us, but one of spiritual design'.

This is only one of the themes of a profound and moving book, and one which requires the attention of all who have a concern for the renewal of spiritual values in modern life.

### Walt Whitman. By Frederik Schyberg. Oxford. 32s. 6d.

Dr. Frederik Schyberg is little known in this country, but at the time of his sudden death last year he was regarded as the greatest literary critic in Denmark and comparable with Georg Brandes. He wrote this book on Whitman nearly twenty years ago, and it has been made available to English readers in an excellent translation through the enthusiasm and industry of Professor G. W. Allen and his wife. It deserves the care they have lavished on it.

The old story of Walt Whitman, the self-announced voice of the American people, having to await discovery by Europeans has not lost all its meaning even in these latter days. Certainly Dr. Schyberg sees him with a fresh insight. The heart of his book is an exhaustive study of the various editions of *Leaves of Grass* between 1855 and 1891 in an attempt to trace the development of his inner life. The unconcealed adolescence of Whitman's attitude in the first edition is less obvious in the second in which the poet's 'I' has expanded to embrace the whole earth. But, as a mystic 'I', it had become more candidly sexual and the new erotic poems horrified the critics.

The fiasco of this edition had, in Dr. Schyberg's view, a profound effect on Whitman, and he considers the four years which followed the most important in his life because of the major change in the spirit of the new poems in the edition of 1860. Not much is known of these

years except that Whitman, depressed and deflated, lounged in Bohemian circles and was saved from aimless drifting by the outbreak of the Civil War and a recovered sense of his mission. But Dr. Schyberg is also convinced that it was during these years that he had the one intense love-affair of his life and that it was from his defeat in this homosexual attachment that the *Calamus* poems sprang and that new note, the deepest he ever sounded, of reconciliation with death, in 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking'.

Dr. Schyberg admits that he has only the internal evidence of the poems to support his conjecture and that Whitman as poet lived largely in myths of his own creation. But he has shown convincingly that in his development as a poet this was the real crisis in his life, a crisis in which he did not succeed in conquering the conflicts in himself, but did come more wholly to accept his contradictions and particularly the bi-sexualism and auto-eroticism of which Dr. Schyberg writes with understanding. His reconstruction of the poet's life is preceded by an essay on 'America in 1850', seen largely through the eyes of a well-known Swedish writer who visited it then, and is followed by a wide survey of Whitman's influence in world literature. Dr. Schyberg rightly considers Whitman to have been 'a lyricist, not a logician; a mystic, not a philosopher'. But he goes too far in denying him any value as a prophet and his view of mysticism is somewhat vague.

### Return to Paradise

By James A. Michener.

Secker and Warburg. 21s.

Mr. Michener returned to his particular 'paradise'—Australia, New Zealand, and certain islands in the Pacific, including Tahiti, New Guinea, Fiji—because he thought that if anything could be done to encourage an understanding of Asia and its Pacific approaches, it was necessary to do it. He wrote a series of 'jammed-crammed' essays containing all he knew about the Pacific (he knows a great deal), and endeavoured to make the essays both evocative and provocative. He has succeeded on both these counts.

He has an eye for the individual: his pen-portraits, particularly of island personalities, are sharp. He is also an acute observer of social conditions, of changes in island ways of life. These observations are the most valuable part of his book. After reading it, one is aware of a definite pattern of change in island life: white men have been responsible for the death of many islanders, sometimes by means as vicious as 'the planned introduction into difficult islands of new diseases'. In other cases the effect of white civilisation has been quick but superficial: 'Stone-age families now have gasoline drums for water, army blankets, and cartridge cases to be used as trunks'. The white colonisers are trying to improve conditions; but wherever Mr. Michener went in the South Pacific, he found present wealth in the hands of white people and most of the business energy in the control of Chinese or Chinese-natives, except in Fiji where the Indians play the role of the Chinese, now outnumber the Fijians, and expect free India ultimately to 'take over'.

A short story is appended to Mr. Michener's excellent and racy factual survey of each place. Here he is on less certain ground. His characters are real, but they are often not completely realised. In one of the most interesting stories, 'The Mynah Birds', the English judge and his wife never become much more than types. Elsewhere Mr. Michener has noted acidly the 'stuffiness' of the English: in this story he has surely over-pointed it.

*Return to Paradise* is a misleading title for a serious and thoughtful travel book of this kind. The irony in the use of the word 'paradise' needs to be stressed.

### The Changing Culture of a Factory

By E. Jaques.

Tavistock Publications. 28s.

Since the war there has been a growing concern with industrial productivity and an increasing realisation that productive efficiency is not simply a matter of machine techniques or of the rationalisation of manufacturing processes, but also of the extent to which a factory functions as a community in which both the formal and informal relations between and within groups provide an incentive for the efficient use of industrial resources. The present book is an example of the way in which this concern has been translated into new lines of research. Though parts of the study have already appeared as articles, the book gives the first full account of the work which the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations has been carrying out with the Glacier Metal Company during the past three years.

The author begins by giving a brief account of the history of the firm, taken up to 1949. Since, however, the study is concerned with industrial relations and not with economic or primary technological problems, the account emphasises the development of social relationship within the firm, drawing attention to such questions as the growth of joint consultation, the position of trade unionism and the workers' reactions to bonus systems. An analysis of the formal organisation of the firm, as represented in the principles of organisation drawn up by the Works Council in 1946, is then given. All this serves as background for the major section of the study, which deals with a number of specific problems of organisation and relationships, and which concludes by attempting to construct a framework for the general analysis of inter-personal and inter-group relations in industry.

There is no doubt as to the interest of the research here described. Set in a firm with a progressive labour policy, the investigations uncover the difficulties met in attempting to develop employee participation in industrial government, and in making that participation effective in the sense that the decisions arrived at are accepted as valid by those whom they affect. The studies cover a wide range of groups—from the service department as a whole to the divisional managers' meetings—and it is of particular interest to see the attention given to the problems of relationships within management groups as well as between managers and lower ranking employees. For the most part, the book is commendably free from jargon (by no means frequent in social science publications), and if at times the writing seems tedious, this may be inevitable when so much of the book is necessarily concerned with an analysis of behaviour at, or in connection with, meetings. There are, it is true, various points which would have repaid elaboration—for example, the effect of abandoning 'clocking-in' on the attendance records of the employees—but perhaps such questions will be taken up again in later reports.

At the same time, certain questions seem automatically to arise when reading the book. Throughout, the investigations make use of psychoanalytic techniques and principles, with the investigator in the role of the impersonal analyst. It was not his task to effect a 'cure', but to help the various groups and individuals to recognise and face their difficulties. 'Never was advice given, or judgment pronounced, as to the value of one course of action compared with another'. To an investigator who has used other techniques, it may seem odd that deliberate



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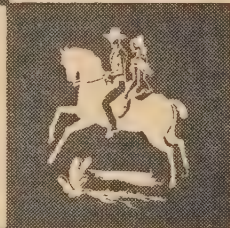
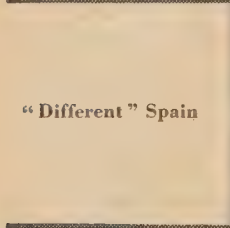
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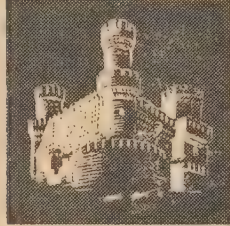
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steps were taken *not* to acquire information from all possible sources, and *not* to allow the development of informal relationships with the various groups in the firm. In what circumstances should an investigator deliberately refrain from giving advice? Moreover, there appears to be an implicit assumption that almost all the

problems are soluble by 'working through' them, that—to modify the words of a popular song—"talking will make it right". Surely there is an historical background which needs to be taken into account, and there are difficulties—even in relationships—which cannot be solved simply by altering organisation. It is true that

the concern of the book is with 'the human sources of stress in present-day industrial organisation'. Even so, one would like to see what, in the views of the Institute of Human Relations, are the possible uses and limitations of other than psychoanalytic techniques in the study of those sources of stress.

## New Novels

*Lost Illusions.* By Honoré de Balzac. Lehmann. 25s.

*Childhood at Oriol.* By Michael Burn. Hart-Davis. 15s.

*The Knot of Vipers.* By François Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 11s. 6d.

*A Trial of Love.* By Maurice Edelman. Wingate. 10s. 6d.

POST-WAR publishing has little better to show than Kathleen Raine's new translation of Balzac's *Les Illusions Perdues*. We need not be concerned here with commonplaces about the difficulties of Balzac's French or the inadequacies of his style, for Miss Raine has surmounted the one and largely obscured the other. There is a more attractive commonplace for us to linger on—the fact that this is the most outstanding and vigorous example in the world of the 'success and corruption' story. In one form or another the story is perpetually cropping up from Achilles onward, simplified, brutalised, devitalised or over-refined, Christianised or paganised, from Icarus to Proust. But for blood, guts, and detail no one has ever beaten Balzac; and for the literary-minded his version has the additional advantage that its scene is set within that most brightly painted of all toms—the journalistic demi-monde of letters.

*Lost Illusions* contains in itself the essence of the *Comédie Humaine* and also of human comedy. Opening with a barbed account of the provincial aristocracy of Angoulême, it tells how the poet-hero, Lucien Chardon, is taken up by Mme. de Bargeton, culture queen of the district, and swept away to the Paris of the Restoration. The poet is talented and resembles Adonis: but he is also pretty shabby, and a stiff sexual snub from the Bargeton sends him off to the company of some crashingly dull intellectuals in the Quartier Latin. Lucien finds their conversation bearable but not their poverty: he is an easy catch for the literary pimp, who makes him a queen of the journalistic world, flaunting, extravagant, prostituted beyond redemption: and it is from this point that the story, which is one of luxury, misery, and unspeakable corruption, sweeps down to the disaster which grinds Lucien to pulp and also, typically enough, is nearly fatal to his insanely quixotic brother-in-law.

What a piece of work is Man—how infinite and diverse in his degradations! And do you find this story tragic or comic? As told by Balzac it has an almost Roman splendour, an almost Pompeian gaiety, and all the aggressive shrewdness of the Paris gutter. But tragic or comic? The question is not as idle as it sounds. Balzac himself, of course, is bounteous of his disapproval. But he relishes the filthy scene as much as he disapproves of it; and when Lucien, picked up out of the mud at the very end of the book, consents to the most gigantic of all prostitutions in order to re-establish himself, one is almost deafened by a great howl of cosmic laughter.

Michael Burn's *Childhood at Oriol* is interesting because he attempts, pianissimo, the same theme as Balzac. The deserted Anne MacManus made a life for herself and her two children at Oriol on the north coast of France. Oriol is a typical smart resort, a minor Biarritz, full of cosmopolitan glitter and all the stock temptations. Mrs. MacManus, on the other hand, works hard to educate her children, she

is loving and protective, she is a balanced and ordinary woman, she has no time at all for the smarties. Judge of her dismay, therefore, when her sixteen-year-old son falls in love with Lady Wildenstein's daughter, is accepted by her Ladyship's Bohemio-social set because he is nice-looking and well-mannered, and begins to behave as glossily as if he were his own photograph in the *Tatler*. Unlike Balzac, however, Mr. Burn keeps his hero from sinking too far into the sewer; middle-class attributes and commonsense prevail; and Merrick returns to his mother and sister—though not a second before time.

This is a well-told story, but has obvious faults not so much of style as of attitude. Mr. Burn does not exactly take a moral line about the smart set—he just nags at them. Typical middle-class nagging it is too, based on nothing more than minor public school good form and a percentage of jealousy. From time to time his comment becomes more robust; but when it does, it is mostly voiced by an appalling German female in exile, a woman with a steam-roller culture and a fiendish sense of social injustice, a great, big, buxom improver—the kind of person who gets socialism a bad name. This Teutonic horror monopolises the morality market, and, as I say, the other characters and Mr. Burn himself merely grumble rather tiresomely about the clothes worn by Lady Wildenstein's friends or their affectation of manner. But while this is irritating, the actual picture drawn of the continental set and their activities is humorous and subtle, and the ball at which Merrick is finally disillusioned is described with a taut and cruel suspense. Even so, there is something about this novel which just won't do; and that something is epitomised, I think, by the children themselves and their home life. The book-jacket calls these last 'refreshingly ordinary': but in fact they go one worse even than a family play—they remind one of an advertisement for a family cereal.

François Mauriac's *The Knot of Vipers* starts in that peculiar atmosphere of hatred which he alone, with the brooding calmness of his style, can evoke. The hero is of peasant stock, but has married into the industrial middle-class, has made a packet of money, and is a miser to rival Shylock. Being a peasant he was always, of course, mean: but the hideous glee with which he now slobbers over his millions has arisen, he says (for the story is told in the first person), only because of the contempt with which his family regard him. His wealth is the only weapon with which he can fight them. And more than this—since all those he has loved are dead, it is only through money that he can express himself at all.

The early chapters, in which this situation is accounted for and described, form a brilliant and terrifying piece of writing. They are M. Mauriac at his best—controlled and sombre, yet with an agonised analysis of despair and greed. Nor is there a noticeable decline in power when the hero sets out for Paris, in order to find the

illegitimate son on whom he hopes to settle his fortune and thus be revenged on his family. We are given a sultry description of the obscure hotel bedroom in which he lies obsessed with his scheme, and a cruel portrait of the cheap little clerk his bastard son has become. But the scheme fails and suddenly the narrative fails as well. The hero, prevented from expressing himself by means of his cash, seeks to re-establish his personality through a belated *rapprochement* with religion. We are shown something that resembles repentance and redemption—something that the reader will find flatulent and maladroit. M. Mauriac has the strength and the weakness of many Catholic writers: he is superb in his analyses of Sin, he is profoundly boring when he meditates Atonement.

The hero of *A Trial of Love*, excellent first novel by Maurice Edelman, is out for his redemption from the very beginning. His fatal weakness is lack of self-confidence, and it is this palsied patch that he determines to burn away in the cleansing fire of action. Every chance is given him. He is a well-known journalist and has been despatched, sometime in the early forties, to Algiers, still base-cum-brothel for the armies invading Italy. Once in Algiers, however, instead of seeking the purifying dangers of war, he settles down to assert himself by moralising.

'He's got guts', said Johnson (of journalist Hudson, the hero).

'Has he?' Charing replied, indifferently. 'I think he's got too much H.M.T.'

'H.M.T.—what's that?'

'High Moral Tone. I don't trust him'.

And rightly not. For Hudson is an exceedingly nasty piece of work, and it is a measure of Mr. Edelman's skill that while he presents him as superficially amiable, he yet contrives, without a single overt comment, to focus the spotlight full on the petty beastliness of the man. To be sure, the causes Hudson takes up are worthy enough. The American General who kicks a war correspondent in the stomach—certainly he should be exposed. The wife of the condemned French colonel—assuredly she should be comforted. But when comfort to the lady for her approaching widowhood turns into a sly piece of adultery, and when exposing the American General is revealed as a sluttish substitute for facing danger, we begin to see Hudson in his proper colours. He is that well-known war-time phenomenon, the Headquarters Moraliser, and it is with real pleasure that we watch the ambiguous and worldly-wise Minister (a first-rate piece of portraiture) give Hudson his dismissal from Algiers. Mr. Edelman has painted his scenery with care, and if his personae tend to be slight, they all speak with concision. Hudson himself, of course, is not a slight figure; concision is retained but the characterisation goes deeper; and the result is a man who adopts popular ideals as security for a popular career, whose career therefore prospers, but whose life is as tepid and dirty as his own used bath-water.

SIMON RAVEN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION

### Politics and Old Lace

A NOT TOO ACUTE simplification of our politics is that one side wants stability, the other progress. Superimposed on the argument is a theatricality which television has done nothing to diminish. Some viewers would agree that the television election broadcasts intensified it. The styles of the differing advocates were an interesting study in persuasive techniques, but judged as programmes to be seen these personal appearances were not notably impressive. Only one of them might have survived the test of a repeat performance.

The moral of this first use of television in a British General Election may be that it ministers to the intellectual arrogance which sustains no small part of the unpredictable 'floating vote'. Flourishing the first-personal pronoun for a moment, I do not remember a General Election in which more of my friends have talked so sceptically about the parties. Television would have been better employed, I suggest, in making the point that it is inexcusably pretentious of any member of society to question the value of the vote because political activity is not conducted solely on his or her plane of intelligence. A potentially effective debate might have been staged with this as its theme. It would have made better looking and listening than the party pleadings, over which

sometimes sincerity oozed like mayonnaise on a salad.

One can see that television's contemporary emphasis, a policy of we-must-be-there, may result in programmes of more value to archivists than of interest to viewers. The Holme Moss inaugural ceremony, with its vast 'appara-

them 'Picture Page'. This veteran among programmes, which nourished the goodwill of many a wavering viewer through the early experimental years, may be facing its stiffest tests. A great new audience potential, increasing at intervals from now on, will mean new ideas, new values, new personalities. The opening programme on October 10 was shaky. But 'Picture Page' has always seemed to exist on the edge of a precipice. It is probably true that no regular television programme is more consistently at the mercy of emergency. Operating in the margins between the Newsreel and the documentary programmes, 'Picture Page' can still do good work for B.B.C. television. It may have to correct the lumber-room impression it occasionally gives, to discipline itself more severely as to form, to stick more closely to magazine principles. Some of its best features have had the nature of surprise, a policy which, it is to be hoped, will be continued and emphasised.

The documentary fashion programme called 'Lace' was marred by bad lighting in its first half, which dealt with the manufacturing side. We had just seen the marvellous lights of Blackpool and thought for a moment or so that the glare at Nottingham was an optical hangover. But no; television was making its own glare in its traffic with the lacemakers and, giving us faces without features, tried our viewing patience sorely. The fashion part of the programme was



Opening of the Northern television transmitter at Holme Moss, on October 12, by Lord Simon of Wythenshawe. With him on the platform are Lord Clydesmuir, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Lord Tedder, and Sir William Haley

tus of mayors and aldermen and chains of office', to borrow an Arnold Bennett phrase, came to our screens as an elaborately dull affair, in which even the visible audience was seen to be restless, whether with impatience or bewilderment one knew not. For distant watchers the Dimbleby interviews were probably the best part of the occasion, which may not have made such disappointing television for the Northern newcomers as it undoubtedly did for many of the rest of us. If the television record of the event is 'in the can', posterity will be likely to get more pleasure out of it than we did. Television Newsreel's retrospective survey of the building of Holme Moss, of difficulties boldly faced and overcome, was pictorially far more exciting.

It is unlikely that Somerset Maugham's sardonic spirit encourages in him much sentiment for posterity, though his portrait by Graham Sutherland may descend some way down the years. Despite a tendency to discuss the subject of it as if he were a monumental figure of our age, as if the very seat he posed on gained in interest because of it, the interview with sitter and artist, conducted by Rooney Pelletier, made a conversation piece of unusually good viewing quality. Sutherland's unforced personality came over with just the right amount of authority, not too much; while Maugham's gestures and inflexions conferred distinction on the programme as a whole. This was first-rate television and we want more of it.

According to 'Country Questions' (sound only, unfortunately), the year's swallows have not yet gone; but our clocks have been put back, the long dark evenings have returned, and with



Somerset Maugham looking at his portrait by Graham Sutherland, with whom he discussed the relations between artist and sitter in a television programme on October 11



The documentary programme on 'Lace', televised on October 16: Barbara Golen and Keith Baxter showing the amount of lace worn by both men and women during the Regency period



very well done, thanks in part to Iris Ashley's calm unstressed commentary. The weird night-bird cry of the women machinists stays in the mind, surely one of the oddest of human occupational noises.

The fortnight's best outside transmission came last Saturday when a motor show for television viewers only, unannounced in the *Radio Times*, was staged at the London Transport centre at Chiswick. Cars of many leading British makes were there and with them top-class drivers like Reg Parnell and Stirling Moss, among other personalities from the big show at Earl's Court. Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards blew a fanfare before each car name was given over the microphone. Pretty ladies entered the more sumptuous equipages, adding charm and beauty to style and elegance. Altogether, a fine show and we revelled in the exclusiveness of it.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Period Pieces

'SURE, NEVER WENCH got into so hopeful a place,' says Flippanta. 'Here's a fortune to be sold, a mistress to be debauch'd, and a master to be ruin'd'. It is that sort of play: 'The Confederacy', a tail-of-the-Restoration comedy, a more or less agreeable rattle recovered for the Third Programme by Ronald Simpson. The loud-sing-cuckoo jesting of Vanbrugh's day can pall. Happily, this piece, with its pair of merry wives, is sustained by the lively comic intrigue. Mr. Simpson had clipped and dovetailed craftily: the speaking had the right spring. Not much is sadder than a Restoration revival with a toiling cast, when those mannered phrases thud upon the ear with the flop of a sodden lawn-tennis ball on wet turf. Most things ran well in 'The Confederacy' from the moment we heard Flippanta (Marjorie Westbury) trilling to Brass. Flippanta, maid and know-all skirmisher, was a Bracegirdle part: we can understand its fame. Other players joined in a confederacy of sharp performances. Frances Rowe threw off the reiterated 'Poor woman!' in an Evans drawl, like a tired ringdove; and Alan MacNaughtan was a Brass of metal. A ninety minutes' compression served Vanbrugh well. Another hour, and we might have watched the clock.

I fear that the hands of the clock dawdled during 'The Professor's Love Story' (Light). Barrie wrote this sentimental comedy for Irving who—not unreasonably—refused it. It would have been a douche of milk-and-water upon the old-brandy tradition of the Lyceum. In performance nowadays the old Scots period piece seems to wriggle archly. It did when I saw it in 'rep' in the early 'thirties, and it has not improved with age. I can say merely, in a Vanbrugh snatch, 'The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable'. Here Barrie is coy; we are wry. The latest revival did little to burnish the comedy, though Duncan McIntyre dealt as gracefully as possible with Professor Goodwillie's mind of uncared wool, and we were not given too long to think about the letter from Australia, found in the old letter-box between the lining and the woodwork.

There was no clock-watching in a third period piece, 'The Battle of Trafalgar' (Home), in E. A. Harding's production. 'Saturday-Night Theatre' got excitement enough from this commemorative choice; many voices, those especially of John Wyse as Nelson, and Norman Shelley in the *Victory's* cockpit, showed again how surely the play holds the air. Hardy might have reconsidered his belief in the value of a 'monotonic delivery' for 'The Dynasts'. And he might have been surprised to discover how strongly the battle—which could have been thunderous babel—was realised in performance.

One day, no doubt, Tyrone Guthrie will feel compelled to put 'The Dynasts' on the stage. For radio lately (Home) he has produced a far lesser work, 'The Passing Day', by George Shiels, an Ulster piece from between the wars. It began as a brief radio play and has been restored to the air, *via* the stage, as a full-length study of a provincial miser's end. One cannot altogether dislike the fellow, shrewdly voiced by Joseph Tomelty, who fills out a part that could have been wheezed away into nothing. Most of the other people are trite; but Shiels clearly enjoyed his First Gravedigger, a part that John McBride both relished and communicated. 'Get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman', says Gilbert. Certainly: send for Mr. McBride.

The Day Lewis 'Aeneid' (Third) continues its conquering progress. I heard recently the fifth book in which Alan Wheatley, eloquently expressive, acted as Vergil's sports commentator. The translation is by no means old-and-crusted. 'Entellus', says Professor Day Lewis, 'signalled and swung an over-arm punch with his right'. In the 'nineties they would have said, and did say, 'Entellus then, with right hand threatening and uplifted high, rose to the blow'. This version bears us along swiftly. We may be surprised to hear Sleep as he coaxes Palinurus: 'Lay your head down, steal forty winks'. But it is simpler than 'Bow the head, and steal from toil the weary eyes': the wrong kind of period piece.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Good Home Wanted

FOR A GOOD 'STRAIGHT' TALK, must we now go to the Third Programme? Large generalisations are usually foolish. Still, after three weeks' intensive listening, this is the question left in my mind. By a good talk I do not mean anything clever and complicated, simply a talk which combines interest and technical competence with the necessary spice of personality or 'difference'. Too often nowadays the Home Service seems to contain little above the bread-and-butter staples and some semi-featurised programmes, such as that on the Royal Tour, which, to be fair, made brilliant amends this week for its previous 'flop'. Its small number of evening talks are too often marred by faults of selection and production. One example was Dr. Fraser Roberts' talk on 'History in Your Blood' in 'Science Survey'. So far as Dr. Roberts' subject goes, even the dimmest non-scientist should have found it exciting. It appears that just as air photographs have disclosed in the modern countryside unsuspected remains of earlier man, so blood analysis by areas is demonstrating how the unchanging genes may link us with our ancestors of the Stone Age. Unfortunately, Dr. Roberts not only had a script ill-arranged for microphone delivery; he was also allowed to rattle on with his A, B and O blood-groups much too fast for easy assimilation.

For comparison, one could turn to 'Rowing as a Sport' by Roy Meldrum in the Third on Friday. To me personally his subject, 'the deities imprisoned in wood and water', makes less than no appeal. In such dinghies as I have managed, all that these deities have ever given me is blisters and a conviction that I was getting nowhere, slowly. Yet had I missed Mr. Meldrum, I should have missed one of the best talks of the year. Mr. Meldrum may never do another broadcast, but he, with his producer, can rest on their oars—or whatever it is that oarsmen do—as having done one perfect one. What made it a good talk? At bottom, I suppose, simply a passionate desire to say something, together with the capacity to say it. Voice, personality, everything was in tune. A memorable talk.

Contrast this with John Seymour's Home

Service talk in 'Special Correspondent'. Admittedly this correspondent had a tough assignment, an account of the building of 'the second biggest oil refinery in England'. Perhaps, if Mr. Meldrum had been passionately interested in oil refineries instead of in rowing, I should have found myself listening to him with avidity. Mr. Seymour, alas, was merely doing a job of work, doing it very well, but like others, I am all too easily and un-socially bored with 'productivity' stories. This does not excuse his sentences from being purely written constructions. Someone should have told him that to read at the microphone a piece of newspaper reporting—however 'colourfully' phrased and pleasantly delivered—is not broadcasting.

No, I cannot help feeling that a few vitamins of one sort or another in the Home Service would brighten the diet. My personal Oscar of the week, however, must go to a talk in the Third by which few listeners to either programme could have been attracted. I have seen reviews of Simone Weil's *L'Attente de Dieu*, just published in an English translation entitled *Waiting on God*. But none has made me wish to read the book so strongly as did Iris Murdoch's talk. This strange Frenchwoman was evidently not, humanly speaking, a wholly likeable character: 'bien dure', someone called her (it is a popular illusion to suppose that the great religious are more bonhomous than the rest of us and just as woolly and sentimental); but it seems probable that she was of the company of the mystics. As Miss Murdoch said, it is rare today—or at any time—to 'find someone trying to stand upright', so as to look at reality with the blinkers off. In a week when some of these blinkers, the political ones, have been more prominent than usual, it is well to be reminded that the Simone Weils of the world have a habit, over the centuries, of disturbing human thought more powerfully than most statesmen.

JOHN PRINGLE

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### A French Classic

OF ALL THE GREAT COMPOSERS—and there is no question of his claim to that title—Rameau is, perhaps, the least accessible to the modern public. Although he was the contemporary of Bach and Handel, so that his music belongs to a period which is familiar enough, he wrote his masterpieces in forms which are in themselves remote from modern conventions. His operas, composed in the ceremonious French style, seem stiff and rigid, and his genius had not the ebullient vigour of Handel, whose operatic arias would surely have survived even if he had not built a more lasting fame in oratorio. For English audiences, too, Rameau suffers, like Lully before him and Gluck later, from his situation on the far side of the channel which divides the land of Shakespeare from the land of Racine.

We must be grateful, therefore, to the Third Programme for giving us the opportunity of getting to know, through two performances under the expert and musicianly direction of Roger Désormière, the first of Rameau's operas, 'Hippolyte et Aricie', followed on Friday of this week by excerpts from 'Castor et Pollux' and 'Les Indes Galantes'. The Racinian tragedy, as set by Rameau, was revealed as surprisingly warm-hearted beneath its classic reticence and stiff conventions. What struck one most in listening to it was the human and even popular character of much of the music, especially in the choruses (e.g. the acclamation of Theseus) and the interludes. Rameau proved to be, as an operatic composer, much more supple and original than Handel, who was content to fill established forms of Italian opera with magnificent music. Only in his English works, 'Semele'



and 'Acis and Galatea', is there anything as free and popular in style as Rameau's melodies.

This interest could only have been aroused by an excellent performance. The opera needed this lively handling, to which all the singers contributed a quick, if not always perfectly accented, declamation; for there were many stretches of it which came near to boring, especially in the absence of the stately spectacle. Not often does Rameau create a dramatic tension exciting enough to make its effect in a broadcast performance. The scene of Theseus in Hades with its remarkable Trio of the Fates was one of these rare moments.

In the orchestral sphere Sir Thomas Beecham was the conductor of the week. His programmes

were, as usual, interesting, if only because he chooses works which other conductors neglect. On this account I was sorry that he dropped Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto out of last Saturday's programme. Bennett was the bright hope of English music 100 years ago, and his concerto might have proved a pleasant pendant to the revival of 'The Bohemian Girl'. On the other hand, it may have been found on closer inspection by the conductor to be too Mendelssohnian by half. In place of it we had the Linz Symphony of Mozart, begun, I thought, too bouncingly, but with some enchanting moments. 'La Gazza Ladra' overture was brilliantly done, perhaps even overdone; but I found little enchantment in D'Indy's 'Forêt'.

Nor did Vaughan Williams' Pastoral Symphony make its customary effect in a performance that had more surface nuance than deep understanding of its essentials. I fancy Sir Thomas Beecham has not much sympathy for the homely tunes out of which Vaughan Williams spins his imaginative music. Debussy's 'Ibéria' earlier in the week and Sibelius' Sixth Symphony, one of the works which others neglect, are nearer to the conductor's heart and so fare better under his direction. Of other things, mention must be made of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto exquisitely played by André Gertler and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Norman del Mar. This was enchantment indeed.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## English Music of the Eighteenth Century

By RICHARD GORER

A programme of Georgian music including Cooke's 'Ode on the Passions' will be broadcast at 9.50 on Sunday, October 28 (Third)

IN 1910 a German political writer, Oskar Schmitz, was writing a book about England; searching for a telling title he hit on *Das Land ohne Musik* thereby causing more offence than did all the criticisms in the book itself. Herr Schmitz explained that he had selected this title because, though concerts were frequent occurrences, the English had no native music of their own. This would seem a singularly inaccurate observation in 1910.

Though Herr Schmitz' theory is demonstrably untrue, it is possible to see how he came to make it. No European nation that I know of has treated its musical heritage in a more cavalier manner. Even now, some forty years after Schmitz' book, the period between the death of Purcell and the appearance of Parry, Mackenzie, and Stanford is to all save the specialist an unknown territory with a few recognisable landmarks known as Arne, Boyce, Vincent Wallace, and Balfe. This would be excusable if there were no other composers in the period or if their music were not of much interest; in fact it needs only the minimum of research to show that the exact opposite would be nearer the truth. Even in the worst period for the English composer, the years between 1830 and 1870 when Pierson was driven abroad and Barnett and Bennett discouraged into silence, even this period can show a respectable number of interesting figures. The eighteenth century, on the other hand, encouraged the native composer and their number is large. So far as I know there is no heaven-born genius waiting 'discovery'; no equivalent of Haydn on the one hand nor Handel on the other, but when we come down to the level of Vivaldi and Telemann we can point to native composers whose music is of as great interest, though, naturally, differing in details. Unfortunately the majority of these works have never been republished and many of the original publications were not in score. All too often the student is confronted either with a set of parts or with a piano reduction: with the instrumentation sketchily indicated. Some manuscript scores are to be found in libraries, but getting an accurate picture of even a small part of English eighteenth-century music requires considerable spare time.

During this period a notable difference can be observed between the music of composers living in the country and those living in the capital. In London, where music was regarded as rather an exotic entertainment, the most regarded composers were foreigners. Apart from Handel, the principal foreign composers resident during the period were Geminiani, Sammartini, Abel, and J. C. Bach. These all influenced the

native composers of their day, but as none of them were outstanding talents, their music did not overawe our composers as Handel's did. As a result, composers tended to eschew oratorio in preference to other forms. In the provinces the composers were less susceptible to the veerings of fashion and their music was somewhat more individual. Another influence, unexpected in this century, was that of folk-song. This was probably due to the vast number of ballad operas that followed the success of the 'Beggar's Opera' in 1728 and persisted for twenty years. Moreover, once the ballad operas had stopped and composers were called in to supply new music, one of the most fertile of writers of musical plays, O'Keefe, introduced a quantity of Irish songs and dance tunes to his collaborators, Arnold and Shield.

In the latter half of the century there were a number of composers who tended to concentrate on the composition of glees, and thereby created a corpus of music to which no parallel can be found in any other country. The glee was a composition for male voices *a cappella*. As madrigals by Weelkes, Wilbye, Orlando Gibbons, and Byrd can be found in glee collections, it would seem as if the glee composers felt some sense of kinship with the madrigal composers; but the approach is more harmonic than contrapuntal and the melodies are more regular in phrasing. Counterpoint is of course not lacking; those singing in the inner parts would want something to interest them and this contrapuntal freedom would find expression outside the glees. Thus Shield's string quartets, which were composed about 1780, show considerably more independence in the inner parts than can be found in his Continental contemporaries.

Benjamin Cooke (1734-1793) was one of the most distinguished of the glee composers. He did not limit his output to these alone, but was also skilled in instrumental music. His setting of Collins' 'Ode on the Passions' was published in 1784 and must have been composed only a very little earlier. This is not immediately apparent, as Cooke has deliberately employed an archaic style. The Overture, with its slow introduction and fugue followed by a minuet and bourrée, seems to belong to the seventeenth-century, and the cast of all the melodies is of the type we tend to associate with the first half of the century. Even if we knew no other works of Cooke we could learn from the scoring that his archaism is deliberate. Some of his instruments were out of date, but Cooke calls for a large variety, although he never employs a very large orchestral *tutti*.

Perhaps the most spectacular instrumentation

is in the aria for Joy. Cooke remembers all the time that the scene is set 'in Ancient Greece', and to give both a joyous and a Hellenic effect he adds to his normal orchestra of strings, oboes, and bassoons: a harp, a glockenspiel, a triangle, and *tibiae paves*. These last were an eighteenth-century reproduction of a Greek instrument and seem to have been a kind of double recorder on which one performer could play chords. (In the version to be broadcast, they are replaced by clarinets.) A more poetic use of the orchestra is to be found in the passage dealing with Melancholy, where the soprano voice is accompanied by muted violins, violas in two parts, cello, and organ. In his treatment of Collins' text Cooke shows himself unorthodox. There exists a previous setting of the Ode by Dr. William Hayes (1707-1777) and though it is of little value in itself it is interesting to compare with Cooke's setting. Hayes' version is a succession of recitative and aria in the approved style; one passion, one aria. Thus when Collins writes

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings.  
With one rude clash he struck the lyre  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

Cooke treats this as an *arioso* and disposes of it in a few bars. Not so Hayes, who constructs an aria 116 bars long from this single quatrain, although this entails repeating words to the extent of rendering them meaningless. Cooke keeps his repetition of words down to a minimum and only five times feels impelled to lyrical expansion; the majority of the passions are described in a melodic *arioso*. This gives him time to insert a quartet for the solo singers accompanied only by solo cello and harpsichord, which provides a refreshing change of texture and a lyrical interlude among so much descriptive and emotional music.

Although, as far as I am aware, Cooke's Ode is outstanding by reason of its instrumentation and original treatment of a poetic text, it is not an isolated master-work. My own knowledge of the music of the period is far from encyclopaedic, but it would present no difficulty to draw up several more concerts of equal interest. In any case it is surely time that we reacted from our feeling of musical inferiority. The eighteenth century, although it may show no Orlando Gibbons at its start nor a Purcell at its close, is no less interesting than the seventeenth; moreover, we have a better idea as to how the music should be performed and the idiom is more familiar to us. If I may be permitted to close on a subjective note: to be allowed to reintroduce Cooke's 'Ode on the Passions' is a personal honour, but a national disgrace.





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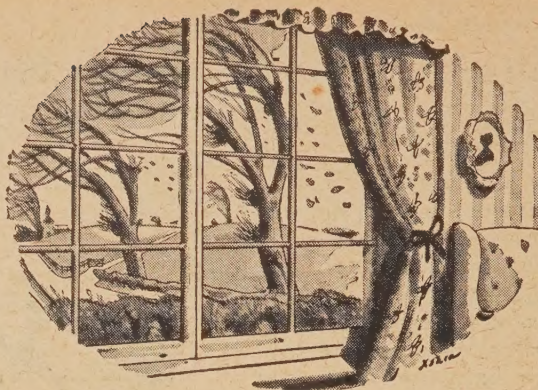
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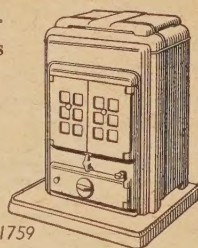
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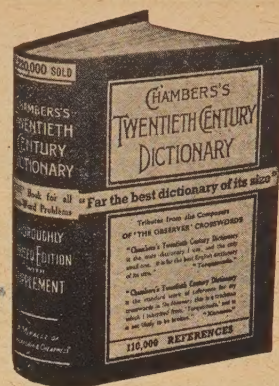
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*(See crossword No. 1,087 March 1st)*

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# Suggestions for the Housewife

## RICHMOND MAIDS OF HONOUR

IT IS RATHER WONDERFUL to think of a simple little cheesecake not only maintaining its popularity throughout four centuries but becoming the foundation of a thriving local industry, being despatched to all parts of the world, and, most amazing of all, remaining for 400 years a closely guarded secret. And yet that is exactly what happened with Richmond Maids of Honour, the recipe for which has been revealed to me, with the consent of the owners, by one of the few living men who knows both halves of the secret. He has been a master pastrycook with the Maids of Honour shop for very many years.

Here is the recipe:

- 8 oz. of flour and 8 oz. of butter, to make puff paste  
For the filling: 2 to 3 pints of the very freshest, richest milk  
1 tablespoon of rennet  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter  
2 oz. of castor sugar

By way of utensils you will want individual patty pans; mine measure about two-and-a-half inches across and about three-quarters of an inch deep. The day before you need the cakes, you make the puff paste, and then on the day you roll the paste out to about three-sixteenths of an inch—that is about the thickness of two half-crowns—and as evenly as possible. And from it you cut out three-inch circles, with which you line your patty pans. And then—here comes a most important part of the secret—with your finger and thumb you work the paste from the

bottom of the patty pan up towards the sides, thus thinning the paste at the bottom and thickening it, opening it up into a sort of rampart, at the side. By working the paste with your finger and thumb in that way you destroy the laminations of the puff paste and so convert it into something more like short paste, which, of course, does not rise so much.

Leave those patty pans to rest, because puff paste is always better when it has rested, and then make the filling. To make the filling you raise the milk to blood heat—95 degrees Fahrenheit—and put in the rennet. In about a quarter of an hour it will set in a firm curd, a sort of junket. Put this junket into a bag made of, say, fine cotton—butter muslin would be far too coarse—and let the surplus moisture drain away. Then with your hands manipulate and work that bag until you gradually squeeze out—most carefully, not too fast—all the free liquid until, eventually, you are left with a firm, hard, almost rubbery curd. And that is the other half of the secret. My informant was most emphatic about that; he rapped on the table with his fist and said, 'It's got to be as hard as that table, Mr. Harben'. That is a slight exaggeration, but it has to be so hard that you can rub it through a sieve. And, in fact, that is the next thing you do: you rub this firm curd through a sieve, and then you add to it the beaten egg, the butter, melted, and the sugar—and there is your filling. You put this filling into the patty pans lined with their puff paste, and bake them for half an hour in the oven at 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

PHILIP HARBEN (*General Overseas Service*)

## CLEANING WET, MUDDY SHOES

Don't be afraid to wash the mud off wet, dirty shoes. Then stuff them with crumpled-up newspaper, and put them to dry in an airy place, right away from a fire or hot pipes or stoves. When they are quite dry, feed the leather with good quality shoe cream—an old toothbrush is good for putting on the cream. Don't try to polish with dirty brushes or cloths which are stiff with caked polish: wash these things now and again. And remember that any shoes will keep their youth and beauty best if you park them with shoe trees inside.

RUTH DREW (*Woman's Hour*)

## Some of Our Contributors

GERARD J. R. FRANKL (*page 685*): painter; born in Vienna, 1901; formerly Lecturer in the University of Vienna and art master at The King's School, Chester

ROY MELDRUM (*page 687*): rowing coach to the University crew and the Lady Margaret Boat Club, Cambridge, also to English crew that won the European Championship, 1950; poet, playwright, novelist, and author of *Rowing and Coaching*, *English Technique*, *Two Plays for Historians*, etc.

MARCUS WHIFFEN (*page 708*): an assistant editor of *The Architectural Review*; author of *Thomas Archer*, *Stuart and Georgian Churches*; *the Architecture of the Church of England outside London, 1603-1837*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,121.

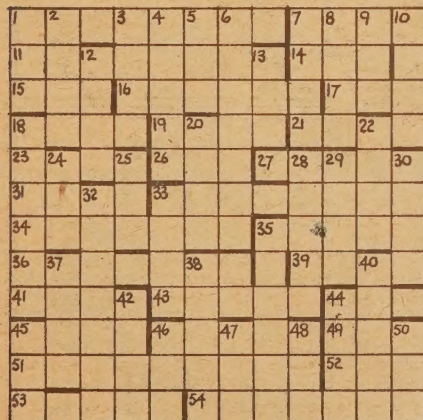
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Clues marked M are misquotations. In each of these one word is wrong and the light is the word which makes the quotation correct. Clues marked D are 'devilish', i.e., a number of letters, forming the light, have been omitted. E.g., 'And weave with bloody hands; Sue of thy line' (6)—the light in THETIS, which, inserted between 'hands' and 'Sue' makes a complete quotation. Liberties have been taken with punctuation, capital letters and grouping, but the order of the letters has not been changed. The other clues are normal.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## ACROSS

- 1D. That even the ream, the which them bare seem'd four (8).
- 7D. Inverse as music, thou art true (4).
- 11M. Be a dogmatist and yet disbelieve (8).
- 14D. For a Dora tall, the ranks of angels yield eternal thanks (3).
- 15D. Though I must go, end not yet a breach (3).
16. A merry errand fellow (6).
17. A Chinese circuit (3).
18. You don't need one for this (4).
- 19M. Midst others of less fame, came one frail Form (4).
- 21D. To play, O man, let's dry our eyes (4).
- 23D. And many a Nymph, who wreathes, rows with sedge (4).
- 26D. Nor never on the deep hopped (3).
27. One is sick with such passion (5).
- 31M. I'll have an envoy that shall find thee out (4).
33. Dispose of a familiar huntress' beauty spot (8).
34. Very large, familiar, female parent-insect (7).
35. Vedic poet seen in 'The Plough' (5).
36. Twisted, or cheap, projection of a moulding (7).
- 39M. My worn reeds broken, 'The dark lake dry' (4).
- 41D. There lay the glad, neighbouring lawn (4).
- 43M. ... a mother, Who'd give her baby for another (5).
- 44D. To play with fool-hat, a fool was I! (3).
- 45D. An origin! Me, thing, fair maid you would win (4).
- 46M. I fetch my life and being From men of noble siege (5).
- 49M. That I might sleep through this great gap of time (3).
51. Etad (9).
- 52 rev. The speaker of 49 said 33Ac. to it (3).
- 53D. And though the eye may sparkle, still 'tis where 'e appears (5).
- 54D. With Nature, wit and arts unknown before (7).

## DOWN

1. Ox-like creature, aside from this part of the mass (3).
- 2D. I can—not fly, but bike—I must fight (4).
- 3D. Men and dogs all gone; stand only the white sheep (4).
4. Look back on everything and it's plain (5).
- 5D. Much have I said known; cities of men (3).
6. Stupified thus, an abstainer with liberty to go out (7).
- 7D. Blew an inspiring hat; dale and thicket rung (4).
- 8D. Then wilt thou not bet. O leave this Paradise! (4).
- 9D. Drink more fine than mine host's! Cry 'Wine' (3).
- 10D. By shallow river, hose falls, melodious birds sing (4).
12. Without this or reproach across the water (4).
13. Back 5 and the result is penniless want (3).

- 18D. Let Euclid rest and Ares pause (6).
20. A borer with nothing in the end (4).
- 22M. Think each in all immediately wise (4).
24. Back a French measure this time (3).
25. In short, he's a warrant officer in the Artillery (3).
- 28M. 'Twere profanation of our joys To tell the deity our love (5).
- 29 rev. Gum! 'Deprived of a decoration—it's the drink! (4).
- 30D. The mark; O fat hats, ancient and blue! (4).
32. Make a soft mass of squiggly little insects round Father! (7).
33. Dog's tooth grass: in brief, the same died (4).
35. A flittermouse in the curd's neck-band (6).
37. Romulus' horsemen have no point here (4).
38. Most of these hatches are crosses (5).
- 40D. Noon: his bosom their image receives (5).
42. Smooth up the seaweed (4).
44. If I can stand by this short student, I'm an Eastern king (4).
- 45D. I, a map of all that I have met (3).
46. Hester 'gets the bird' first, and you see whom Jane married (3).
- 47D. Call'd him soft names in man-used rhyme (3).
- 48M. Half my life is gone and I have seen, The years slip from me (3).
- 50D. What matter to me if theirs is a world? (3).

## Solution of No. 1,119

Prizewinners:  
H. W. Browne  
(Coxbridge); R. V.  
H. Rosevear (Winchester); D. J. Wade (London, E.11.); W. H. Weighman (London, W.14.); J. B. Wilkinson (Leeds).

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O	C	R	E	A	P	I	N	E	L	I	N	E	N
D	R	E	A	R	O	N	Y	X	A	N	E	N	T
L	E	A	S	E	N	E	X	T	T	E	N	S	E
E	A	R	E	D	O	G	A	T	E	N	T	E	R
Y	O	G	I	O	P	E	N	E	R	S	N	A	G
O	M	I	T	E	N	E	R	A	T	I	O	N	I
G	I	B	E	A	N	E	L	S	A	G	U	E	
T	E	M	P	E	R	E	T	E	R	C	H	E	E
U	N	C	L	E	R	S	E	R	H	O	R	A	
N	A	R	E	S	S	L	A	M	H	O	R	A	
C	R	E	A	K	L	I	M	E	O	R	A	T	E
L	E	A	V	E	R	M	E	N	D	A	T	E	R
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